

The Listener

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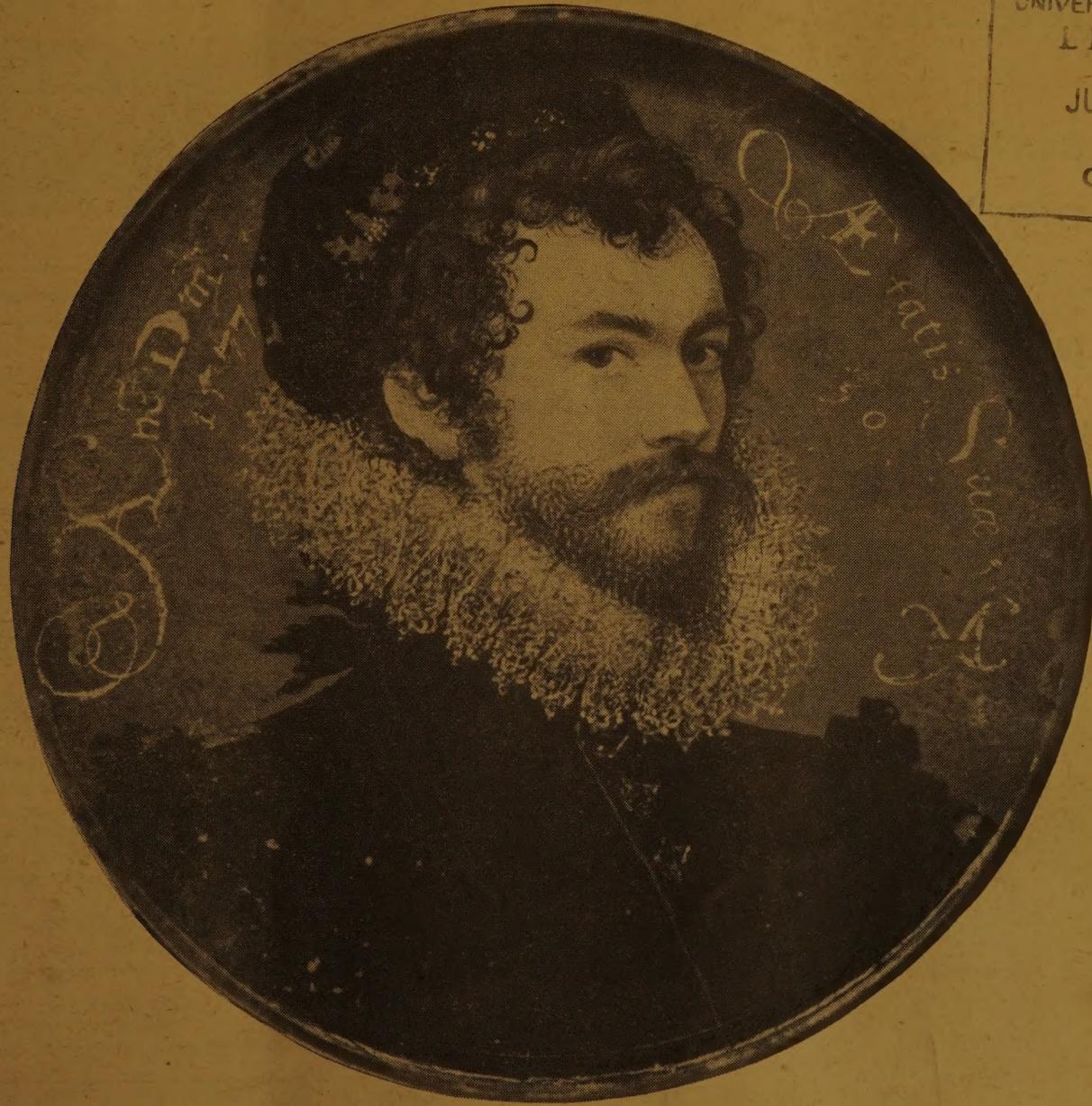
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A self-portrait by Nicholas Hilliard: in the Victoria and Albert Museum, London (see page 1056)

Controlling the Arms Race
By Michael Howard

Carl Gustav Jung
By Frieda Fordham

Safe Drivers—Born or Made?
By J. P. Bull

African Socialism
By Charles Janson

Sir Charles Russell, Q.C.
By Lord Birkett

‘The Origin of the Milky Way’
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The Listener

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Thursday June 15 1961

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How Can We Control the Arms Race?

By MICHAEL HOWARD

THIS year we are spending about £30 per head on defence: £1,655,000,000. This may seem a great deal but the United States is spending nearly ten times as much, or some £90 a head. Russian expenditure is notoriously difficult to estimate, but is certainly no less than American. There does not seem to be the slightest prospect that this rate of spending in any of these countries will decrease. Every year in introducing the Defence Estimates the Minister for Defence expresses in eloquent and sincere terms his belief that the ultimate safety of the world can lie only in general disarmament, and millions throughout the world fervently agree with him. The paradox seems absurd. The Great Powers continue to develop weapons of unimaginable destructive power which can give only a transient sense of security to their possessors, so rapidly do they become obsolete; while to rival powers they appear as a standing menace which they can deal with only by increasing their own armaments. We seem trapped in a situation depressingly similar to that of the Powers of Europe before 1914.

This situation is particularly bitter for those selfless, intelligent, and unwearying men who have been fighting for disarmament since the first world war. They have persistently urged the nations of the world to show elementary common sense; to accept minor risks in order to gain major benefits; to create a community which would guarantee the security of each with the combined power of all. If only nations would be sensible, they suggest, and act as intelligent men would in a comparable situation, all would be well. Only stupidity and bad luck has prevented agreement in the past; next time, given proper education of peoples and their leaders, it may be better.

It is tempting to agree with this view; particularly tempting today, when it sometimes seems that only an immediate trans-

formation of the whole nature of international society can save the world from a catastrophe not far removed from total destruction. But states are not individuals, and their mutual relations cannot always be determined by the laws of behaviour and reason which guide individual men. The maintenance of the security of the state is a charge upon its rulers as basic and as inescapable as is their responsibility for maintaining law and order within its borders. No responsible statesman can subordinate it to any other consideration, and to expect him to do so is to ask that patterns of behaviour and political habits moulded over five centuries should be changed in as many years.

If we realize that this huge inertia of state sovereignty is the inescapable condition of international life today, the prevailing wind and current of the ocean we have to navigate, then the repeated failure of disarmament proposals is not hard to understand. On dry land they seem trim and well-found enough; but launched in the teeth of wind and tide they are swept away as soon as they leave the builder's yard. It is not surprising that bystanders watching these repeated shipwrecks conclude either that the voyage is and always will be completely impossible, or that there was never any serious intention of undertaking it at all.

Publications on disarmament in this country during the last few years have done little more than recount the sad story of the failure of past negotiations, put forward new proposals, and exhort governments to do better. But the last twelve months have seen a crop of publications in America, often the work of academic study-groups, which adopt a different line of approach. They concentrate on exploring only those marginal areas where the interests even of the most bitterly hostile of states coincide. They look forward not to a disarmed world but to a world in

which nations, without damage to their own security, will develop only armament-systems which are not seen as threats by their neighbours; in which they peacefully co-exist without fear of surprise attack; and in which armed conflicts, if they do occur, will be kept within reasonable bounds. Recent works by Mr. Seymour Melman, Professor Thomas C. Schelling, Mr. Arthur T. Hadley, and a distinguished group of contributors to *Daedalus*, the journal of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, all explore this area. They do not aim at cast-iron inspection schemes or even bilateral agreements embodied in treaties. Unilateral modifications in the structure of one's own armed forces, Professor Schelling has argued, may go just as far to produce the necessary results. The object is not so much 'disarmament' as 'arms control'; and 'The essential feature of arms control', Professor Schelling has written, 'is the recognition of the common interest, of the possibility of reciprocity and co-operation even between potential enemies with respect to their military establishments'.

Pessimistic Outlook

People over here are beginning to think in the same sort of way. The Institute for Strategic Studies has recently sponsored the publication of a book, *Control of the Arms Race*,* by Mr. Hedley Bull of the London School of Economics; and Mr. Bull reaches much the same conclusions as the American thinkers by way of a profoundly conservative approach to international relations. He is frankly pessimistic in his expectations as to the extent to which the world can or need be changed. 'Security' is for him not a goal to which we are striving but something we already have, always have had, and must try to keep. Absolute security is something unattainable, and the solutions of those who seek it, he writes, 'do not concern the problems with which the world is actually confronted, but concern the arbitrary dismantling or reconstruction of the world, in such a way that these problems will not arise. They represent a corruption of thinking about international relations, and a distraction from its proper concerns'.

Having thus thrown down the gauntlet to internationalists and the traditional school of disarmers, he proceeds to deal caustically with some of their basic assumptions. Armaments in themselves, even arms races, do not make war more likely; nor does disarmament make it any less likely. Under certain circumstances disarmament clumsily and unequally carried out can make war much more probable. It is not the quantity of weapons in the world that is dangerous; it is their nature and the way in which they are distributed. Mr. Bull poses the question: 'How far is disarmament, or the reduction of armaments, the proper object of arms control? And how far is it the proper object of arms control to promote a stable balance of power?' He modestly disclaims giving any final answer to the question, but he makes his sympathies clear. 'The alternative to a stable balance of military power', he writes, 'is a preponderance of power, which is very much more dangerous . . . The balance of power is wrongly regarded as a synonym for international anarchy; rightly regarded as something which mitigates an anarchy which might otherwise be more rampant. It is not a panacea. But it exists now; and among those forces which make for international security and can be built upon by actions that can be taken now it is one of the strongest'.

The Only Reasonable Objective

If one does accept the international anarchy and the consequent national obsession with security as unalterable, the only reasonable objective for which we can strive is not to abolish armaments or even to reduce their number as an end in itself, but so to control their nature and development as to preserve the international balance and with it the international peace. This might be done by reducing armaments. It might be done, paradoxically enough, by increasing certain kinds of armaments. For instance, if Western conventional forces in Europe were stronger than they are today, we would be in a far better position to negotiate about the abolition of tactical nuclear weapons, or to give an undertaking never to use nuclear weapons first. And it might be done by developing only certain kinds of weapons and weapons-systems: the sooner both sides develop missiles whose launching-sites are invulnerable to surprise attack, the sooner will mutual fears of such

attack abate, and with them the haunting danger of accidental war.

The Great Powers have, indeed, a great deal in common. They do not wish to increase atmospheric pollution to danger point by continued nuclear tests. They do not wish to be blown to pieces by accidental war; and they do not wish to see nuclear weapons multiply in the hands of small and possibly irresponsible nations. They have in fact a joint interest in survival, and of that joint interest they are growing increasingly aware as weapons grow more destructive and as the prospect of one side or the other achieving any lasting technological lead grows more remote.

Arising out of this interest, a number of measures are conceivable which would lessen mutual fears without necessarily decreasing national security. One is the cessation of nuclear tests, which is now being negotiated, and of the production of fissile material for military purposes. Both these measures can be contemplated by nations which now possess stock-piles of nuclear weapons far in excess of their needs. Others are abstention from the export of nuclear weapons to third parties; the creation of regional denuclearized zones; arrangements for inspection against surprise attack, and agreement not to militarize outer space. All these appear feasible objectives even in the context of the kind of international situation we have today. And if habits of co-operation and workable techniques of inspection and control can be developed, however slowly, the Great Powers can then consider rather more realistically the chances of going on to those more sweeping measures which in the present state of the world seem no more than desirable but unattainable ideals.

To the advocates of general disarmament the proposals of Mr. Bull and of the American thinkers who influence him may seem cautious to the point of nullity, an acquiescence in evil rather than an attempt to grapple with it. But they are a beginning, and the only sort of beginning that is likely to seem practicable to the worried and responsible men on whose discretion and judgment the destiny of their nations depend. Even agreement on these points is likely to come only after years of negotiation, and it would be foolish to suppose that, even when agreement is reached, it can be implemented without continual misunderstanding and error. We have not only to solve immense new problems of technique and organization; we have gradually to learn new political habits of mind; and for that even scientific expertise is of very little help.

Sweeping Changes

I do not myself share Mr. Bull's belief in the unchanging nature of international society. I consider it highly probable that the gigantic transformations which our generation has accomplished in communications, in means of production, and in weapons-technology will produce no less sweeping changes in the political habits and structure of the world. These are likely to come less from any overt abdication of national sovereignty than from the strengthening of international activities—commerce, science, communications, investment—which will gradually create a community transcending the formal structure of sovereign states, perhaps in the long run reducing them to the honorific and ceremonial role which certain medieval and royal functionaries exercise in this country today. But it is by no means inevitable that these changes will come about peacefully, or that our own society will survive them. We are certainly unlikely to survive unless we take the problem of arms control much more seriously than we have in the past. These matters, to paraphrase Bismarck, are not to be settled by marches and resolutions of conference majorities; nor does the largely part-time work of a handful of officials in the Foreign Office and an annual ritual obeisance by the Minister of Defence get us very far.

Mr. Watkinson declared in February that disarmament was the Government's first priority; but none the less the proportion of national resources devoted to its study and development is ludicrously small compared to that which we spend on defence. We need more people to work on the problem, more resources devoted to it by governments and universities; endless patience; high and dedicated intelligence; and persistent, dogged hard work. It was only by these means, mobilized by the governments of the world on a huge scale, that we developed nuclear weapons in the first place; and we need not think that we can escape from their consequences by paying any lesser price—*Third Programme*

Dr. Nkrumah or Professor Potekhin?

CHARLES JANSON asks: which kind of African socialism?

EARLY all the leaders of newly independent African states call themselves 'African socialists'. Naturally there are differences of emphasis. When President Nasser and President Bourguiba speak of socialism they do so without the emotions of President Nkrumah or President Sekou Touré. To President Nasser and President Bourguiba, socialism is a kind of modernization of a traditional Islamic way of life; whereas to the leaders of Negro Africa socialism is in a sense something brand new: a 'new life movement' in a newly re-Africanized environment. I am concerned today with Negro Africa's vision of itself, with its appearance to us in Europe and the West, and with its discovery—it is indeed a discovery—by the Eastern doctrinaires who are also socialists: 'scientific socialists', as Professor Potekhin, from the African Research Institute in Moscow, reminds us.

It is West Africa which is making the ideological running in the propagation of political ideas with a distinctly African twist. Its coast-line has a long connexion with Europe. The French in Senegal have for more than 100 years sought to create an educated class of Senegalese consisting of black Frenchmen; to some extent this has succeeded, with the result that the Senegalese political leaders, such as Léopold Senghor and Mamadou Dia are not only able Parisian politicians but also *savants*—M. Senghor a philologist, M. Dia an economist. Even the younger President Sekou Touré, who knows Paris far less well, shares this intellectual climate. Their mentality is entirely different from Dr. Nkrumah's, Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa's, or Sir Milton Margai's, all of whom are not experts in the handling of European philosophic concepts. The 'ex-British' Africans are not *hommes universels*; but they have remained nearer to the African earth; the earth which, to some degree, most of the Senegalese leaders

have had to rediscover. There is hardly a Ghanaian or Nigerian equivalent to the sophisticated sentiments of revolt against the white race that is expressed in the French poetry of *négritude*. Dr. Nkrumah, on the contrary, has a direct affection for America and Britain, despite reverses and ignominies suffered there.

However, whether their education has been French or Anglo-

Saxon, the West African leaders are sincerely seeking this African Socialism—with equal stress on each of the two words. President Nkrumah, who combines a cosy Anglo-Saxon fireside technique for the radio with a fairly ferocious domestic policy, recently broadcast what he called a 'homely chat with the nation to put its house in order'. In it he spoke of the aims and objects of his party, which is now the master of Ghana: they were to 'build a socialist pattern of society in which the free development of each is the condition for the free development of all'. Nkrumah then went on to describe a socialist structure which, in European terms, would be thoroughly totalitarian. But despite this collectivist machinery, no one who has been to Ghana will believe that it is on its way to becoming East Berlin.

Again, Sekou Touré has introduced into Guinea a completely communist state-system, with the result that most Westerners have written him off as a faithful follower of Moscow or Peking. Certainly the great communist centres count heavily on him. Nevertheless the peoples' democracy of Conakry is an African one, and on his visit to President Nasser the other day President Sekou Touré said some heretically African things about the freedom of small nations and in defence of neutrality.

'Neutrality', he said, 'is an open opposition to a monolithic system or a standard pattern rule. It is the open rejection of the control of our freedom because every people has the right to choose a system conforming with its own circumstances and interests, provided that this system does not clash with the common interests of mankind . . . The great Powers deny the small nations their right to neutrality'.

President Sekou Touré welcomed the new African Charter (signed by Ghana, Guinea, Mali, the United Arab Republic, and Morocco) as an 'objective and delineated plan of action which would provide Africa with a modern personality capable of playing a positive role'.

The African leaders speak much of happiness, and I believe that they do so far more passionately than Western or Soviet politicians. The historian Thomas Hodgkin has recently written that one of the ethical values of the young African political philosophy is that it insists on reminding the world of the possibility of human happiness in face of the prophets of doom.

One might say that African happiness is to Protestant happiness as African socialism is to British socialism. For the moment I will forbear to bring in Professor Potekhin except to say that Russian happiness is a difficult concept—at least north of a line drawn from Kiev to Astrakhan. If African socialism is a doctrine of happiness, it would, I am sure, also accept J. S. Mill's maxim that the first element of good govern-



Professor Potekhin, Director of the African Research Institute in Moscow and Chairman of the Soviet-African Friendship Association



Seated, left to right: President Sekou Touré of Guinea, President Modibo Keita of Mali, and President Kwame Nkrumah of Ghana

ment is to promote the virtue and intelligence of the citizens.

African socialism owes much to Rousseau and to the whole European ideology of human perfectibility and revolutionary democracy, and to quote Thomas Hodgkin again: the Africans tend to draw freely from Western intellectual sources including Marxism and to synthesize these values with their indigenous ones. It is here, I feel, in this matter of Marxism versus Western democracy that the Westerner must be careful to remain really neutral. It is one thing to criticize those European observers of Africa who decry African socialism because it is undemocratic or because there is no 'loyal opposition'; it is another to attribute to Africans a predisposition to collectivist politics and economics simply because they are politically emergent and because their 'liberation parties' have a radical and mass character. The fact that it is psychologically necessary that a new country should for a time have one strong leader does not imply that there is special merit in his regime being intellectually tyrannical. There is no evidence that Africans must be magnetized by Lenin's 'party of a new type'. It will be a pity if African socialism becomes de-humanized in its early stages by, let us say, an excessive rejection of Mills in favour of Marx, with the consequent loss by the leaders of *rapport* with individual living human beings. M. Senghor has described African socialism as 'lyrical'. It is a word which fits the finest and most distinctive element of the African nature.

Drier than Dust

Now for Professor Potekhin: he is Director of the African Research Institute in Moscow and chairman of the Soviet-African Friendship Association. He is at the head of Soviet penetration of the African continent. Last year he wrote a book called *Africa Looks to the Future*. It is known that Professor Potekhin has paid one or two visits to West Africa and has seen something of its human colour and scenic splendour. This however does not emerge from his book which is an awkwardly compiled Marxist-Leninist tract, considerably drier than dust. One can only be sorry for young African Marxists who will have to pass examinations in it, whether in East Germany, Prague, or the Friendship University in Moscow. But *Africa Looks to the Future* is highly important for the light that it sheds on the Soviet conception of Africa. The essence of the book is Potekhin's analysis of African socialism. He believes that all Africa is going socialist. But he thinks its socialism is, unfortunately, rather unfocused. Nkrumah is instanced as a Marxist socialist (he did indeed so describe himself in his autobiography); Nyerere as a believer in a 'social revolution'; Senghor, Professor Potekhin recalls, with the only touch of humour in the book, speaks of 'Negro-African existential and lyrical socialism' and Gamal Abdel Nasser expounds 'co-operative socialism'. Others admire Yugoslav and Israeli socialism. (The Soviet Union has become more and more worried during the past two years about Israeli penetration of West Africa and President Tito's excellent relations with almost all African heads of state.)

Intellectual Impostures

At this point Professor Potekhin can bear it no longer. He gives us a searing resumé of a section of the Marx-Engels manifesto of 1848 which settled once and for all the whole question of what was and what was not socialism. The nineteenth century had suffered from a number of intellectual impostures: petty bourgeois socialism, conservative socialism, and German socialism. Today the so-called Yugoslav and Israeli socialisms are masquerading in Africa in opposition to the scientific socialism of the Soviet Union and other socialist countries (incidentally there is no mention by name of China, an omission which undoubtedly reflects the prevailing ideological split between the two countries over doctrinal points, especially the value for the revolution of the African 'national bourgeoisie').

Professor Potekhin then considers the theory of African socialism. He believes that African socialism underestimates and undervalues the degree of class-formation in African society; class-consciousness is still weak; but Africans should recognize and be thankful for what there is of it. While it is true that, in the country, there are usually no large feudal land-owners, there is nevertheless a 'patriarchal-tribal aristocratic top-section'

which exploits the peasants by turning communal land to its own use. (Professor Potekhin instances as an exception to this description the situation in Nigeria and Uganda where there are feudalists, but interestingly he omits to mention Ethiopia which really is a feudal country through and through.) African socialism, he believes, is much too inclined to say that Africans have a communal land system already without recognizing the exploitation which is going on within it. (One seems to detect a Soviet anxiety lest Africans should settle down happily on the land as it is for the next couple of centuries.) He criticizes Africans who accuse Marxism-Leninism of opinions which, he says, it does not hold: thus there is no truth in their belief that Marxism-Leninism holds that the village community cannot become the starting point of the building of socialism. It can: everything depends on who holds the reins of government. Only the true scientific socialist, the implication is, could make a job of the so-called communal land of Africa. (These rural remarks of Professor Potekhin sharply define the total conflict between Soviet policy and, for instance, the kind of smallholder-cum-co-operative land-settlement which the British colonial government has been operating for some years in Kenya and which Mr. Julius Nyerere will shortly extend to Tanganyika.)

Potekhin finds the situation in the towns and in industry (and, of course, it is on the towns that communists rely to bring the Revolution to the country) much more favourable to the Revolution. So much so that they want industrialization in Africa for its own revolutionary sake. Admittedly, says Potekhin, the African bourgeoisie is still weak, for the colonialists have prevented its rise. In the absence of compensating factors this would mean a loss of class-consciousness in the working class. But fortunately there are such compensating factors. The foreign imperialist bourgeoisie is still well entrenched in the newly independent states. The more it expands, the more the working class will resist it. Doubtless, the national bourgeoisie will grow too. But it also will be squeezed out by the foreign capitalists, so that for quite a time the pre-independence unity should be preserved between the two African classes. (It is certainly interesting to try to imagine this prediction coming true in Nkrumah's Ghana and in Nigeria as it enters its post-colonial boom.)

Bonds of Steel

Perhaps I have reproduced enough of Professor Potekhin to show the bonds of steel which still bind Soviet mentality to Marxist doctrine. It is certain that in the coming decade the Kremlin will do everything it can to force African development along the predestined path of scientific socialism. By gifts and aid it will court the favours of all the African socialist regimes; it will spend much time and money in trying to capture the African trade-unions which are still, in most territories, half-fledged; it will support all anti-Western tendencies, and by means of propaganda against 'neo-colonialism' (at present a highly successful Soviet slogan) seek to detach all African countries from their Western connexions. On the cultural side Soviet 'storm-professors' are already writing African history in a manner highly flattering to the Africans. All these tactics follow the policy laid down in the declaration of the Moscow Conference of Communist Parties of December, 1960; that policy is to help establish in Africa 'independent national democracies' which are, so to speak, neutral against the West. This is a necessary stage, in the communist view, before the emergence of pukkah Peoples' Democracies.

It is clear that the European countries (America's relations with Africa are still negligible) have many advantages in their association with the African countries, not least the linguistic one. But it is also evident that there is need of great imagination in this business of Afro-European relations. Nothing, obviously, could be more dogmatic, governessy, and Mrs. Grundy-like than the utterances of Professor Potekhin. It seems scarcely credible that Africans could prefer his company to that of Lord Twining, Jean-Paul Sartre, André Malraux, or Father Huddleston. But Professor Potekhin may still win friends and influence people if the European fails to respect African feelings; to do which requires, at least in the older European

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The Difficult Transition in Africa

Education and the Hand-over

By DERRICK SINGTON

ONE thing which European administrators and African nationalist leaders in East and Central Africa agree about is that there is a shortage of trained, qualified Africans to administer the countries. Mr. Nyerere, the Prime Minister of Tanganyika, whose country will be independent in six months, told me frankly that although he is desperately short of African technicians yet it may be, paradoxically, of some advantage to Tanganyika that there is a world shortage of technicians. 'If our terms of service are good, our British experts will stay with us, because they know they'll be able to find employment when, later, they return home', he said.

The same is not true of administrators pure and simple, such as District Commissioners who have no specialist qualifications. And Nyerere has recently appealed, personally, to his British officials to stay on 'for a long time'. To some extent, only responsibility itself can train Africans, or anyone else, for the posts of highest responsibility. But at least some grasp of what law and administration are about, as well as personal qualities, are required for top-level administration. And sheer lack of educational background among most Africans is today an inescapable fact. European advisors will long be needed near the top.

Carrying Out 'Africanization'

On the lower and middle levels of government—provided experience and knowledge remain at the top for some time—'Africanization' can probably happen quickly with only a small drop in efficiency. It has, in fact, been carried out up to 65 per cent. in many Tanganyika government departments, and the target for 1965 is 92 per cent. But the remaining 8 per cent. of top posts are crucial. To fill these all-important key positions in agriculture, the social services, local government and other fields, African men and women with university degrees or high technical qualifications will be needed. Even on the level of junior officials and clerical staff, there is still a grave shortage of qualified Africans in East and Central Africa.

In the earlier years of British rule, primary schooling for Africans was developed, with the Christian missionaries playing a leading part. And ten years ago a rapid expansion began. But today, although a large proportion of African children enter elementary schools—95 per cent. in the case of Northern Rhodesia—they still drop out soon and continuously. In the rural areas of Northern Rhodesia half the children finish only two-thirds of their elementary schooling; and only about 17 per cent. actually complete it all. Family needs and poverty pull the other pupils back into the kraals. An even more immediately urgent problem is that the pyramid of education in East and Central Africa has little top. Secondary and higher education have been far less developed than elementary schooling. The first priority now is to develop secondary education and universities so as, at least, to ensure that the limited numbers of African children who finish their elementary schooling can go on to secondary education.

That the human material to yield the necessary administrative ability is available cannot be doubted by any discerning person who has met African political leaders like Kaunda of Northern Rhodesia, Mboya and Ngala of Kenya, Nyerere of Tanganyika, and Silundika of Southern Rhodesia. On the academic side, two of the highest teaching posts at the Royal Technical College of Kenya are already filled by Africans—one a mathematician, the other an able African lawyer trained at the English Bar. At North Rhodesia's leading secondary school nearly half the teachers are African. One of them graduated at the University College of Central Africa in Salisbury. A number of other African graduates of the Salisbury University College have gone into high posts in industry and education. As for the younger Africans, a Kenya education official told me there are enough suitable pupils coming out of the primary schools to double the intake of the

secondary schools—but the secondary schools are not yet there.

The top of the educational pyramid—university education—presents itself against regional backgrounds. On the one hand, there is East Africa as a whole. Makerere University College in Uganda, the Royal Technical College in Kenya, and a third university college just being launched in Tanganyika, will shortly constitute the University of East Africa. Already the two existing higher educational institutions take students from all three East African territories. The total number of students is about 1,200, small when related to East Africa's population which is nearly half the size of Britain's. In the other region, Central Africa, where the population is smaller, the University College at Salisbury—an outstanding and courageous initiative in non-racialism—has about 240 students. Plans are in being to double this number. But the rate of higher education expansion must, in Central as in East Africa, for the moment, be determined by the secondary school outflow.

Some educationists in East Africa consider that, to expand higher education faster, there may have to be some lowering of sights in the choosing and grading of secondary-school children for higher education. In the field of experimentation some well-conceived, special 'crash programmes' are already in action for turning Africans with only medium qualifications into administrators of calibre. Yet these institutions are only a temporary substitute for the greatly expanded university education which is needed. The most difficult problem remains the time-factor, especially in relation to secondary education. There is a dire shortage of secondary-school teachers who—unlike primary schoolmasters—need to have university degrees. University studies take time. 'We have got to import secondary-school teachers from abroad, now, on a large scale', was the cry I heard alike in Kenya, Tanganyika, and Rhodesia. This is where the new United States offer to send 150 secondary teachers to East Africa comes in. And there are expectations, too, that the new Commonwealth scheme for aiding African education will provide immediate stop-gap help in secondary-school teaching. A newly created National Council for the Supply of Teachers in Britain has worked out plans for encouraging the secondment of British secondary-school teachers to teach in Africa and elsewhere. As for help in training African teachers in Britain, nearly 250 are today receiving special higher training in the United Kingdom.

A Great Mental Awakening

The time-factor is, however, involved not only in regard to the supply of teachers but over all the prospective top-grade African human material in these emergent parts of Africa. Self-government has just come, for instance, to Tanganyika; but the African undergraduates who begin studying agriculture or medicine there tomorrow will not be ready for high administrative responsibility for about five years.

Looking back, however, one of the strongest impressions one gets in visiting East and Central Africa is of a great mental awakening among Africans. They now display an intense hunger for education. A North Rhodesian headmaster recently said: 'If you want to reward a European child you let him off homework; if you deprive an African child of homework you punish him'. The governments and educationists of the regions have already begun a vast job of social engineering which must be completed if individual aspirations and the needs of the countries are to be satisfied.

The African successor-governments will inherit an educational infra-structure of great value in East and Central Africa. But it will require to be steadily and greatly enlarged without loss of quality. And for that difficult task judicious and generous aid from the developed educational systems of the world's advanced countries will be an absolute necessity.—*European Services*

The Listener

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Interpreting History

MR. IAN GRIMBLE, whose talk about Sir John Harington we print today on another page, is also the author of a book about the Harington family, one of those family histories that are always being published as useful supplements to our more general accounts of the past. The standard of scholarship behind such works is much higher today than it was—say—fifty years ago; and some people think that this type of book, largely about people and full of personal opinions, does make the dry bones of history come alive for the reader more vividly than the rather heavy-weight volumes that can sometimes be produced by our leading historians. In recent years some of these historians seem to have been over-weighty in their approach, either because of a minute exactness of their own scholarship or through being unwilling to make value judgments at all. Perhaps that is why the present age has so far not been a particularly creative period of historical writing on the grand scale. Indeed doubts have been expressed lately about the whole philosophy of history and the purpose behind the way in which, traditionally, it has been written. Several of the arguments involved have been touched on in Mr. E. H. Carr's talks which we have been printing and in the correspondence between him and Sir Isaiah Berlin, from whom we publish another letter today.

Broadly, there are three methods of expounding history and three of giving what has been expounded some kind of standpoint. As exposition, history can be at one extreme a mere catalogue of episodes strung together; at another the web of some foreordained pattern, in which events and personalities are mere details in the working out of a mysterious evolutionary process or a divine plan. Or, it can be a chronicle that lies somewhere between these two positions, with each cause and each event judged on merit for its effect on what happened. Among the standpoints that can be given to history there are also extremes. The writer can try to adopt none at all by omitting all moral or other forms of judgment; or he can allow himself to be possessed by the kind of distinct attitude held by writers like Gibbon, Macaulay, or Carlyle. Again there is a golden mean between the two, a standpoint from which judgments are made and interpretations given, but only according to broadly accepted standards and never according to any overriding theory of belief such as Christianity or Marxism.

Near the end of the first of his talks 'What is History?' Mr. Carr said that the relation between the historian and his facts was one of give-and-take. 'The historian is engaged', he said, 'on a continuous process of moulding his facts to his interpretation and his interpretation to his facts'. Certainly by interpretation, by the making of judgments about events and people, the historian is enlarging the scope of what he writes. Some years ago, in his book *History in a Changing World*, Professor Geoffrey Barraclough warned historians of the dangers of not giving any interpretations in their history. He reminded them that man is a historical animal, and that if he cannot integrate the past 'by a history explicit and true, he will integrate it by a history implicit and false'. It would seem therefore that if there is to be a fresh renaissance of creative historical writing, then those historians who take part in it will need to do so by having the courage to make judgments according to what they think are standards, even if in the process they trail their coats.

What They Are Saying

Views of Vienna

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN Russian and Chinese communist ideas of East-West relations has again been strikingly illustrated. Peking completely ignored President Kennedy's televised report on his meeting with Mr. Khrushchev; it concentrated instead on denouncing the American attitude at the conference on Laos. The rest of the communist bloc—with the exception of Albania and North Vietnam—kept up a strong propaganda campaign on all issues, but none the less tried to show that there were hopeful signs in the President's speech.

East European commentators saw little in it to make them disagree with *Pravda's* view that the Vienna meeting had been a 'useful' beginning towards peaceful coexistence, though Mr. Kennedy's remarks on Germany and West Berlin were said to discourage too much optimism. However, *Deutschlandsender* thought the statement that the U.S.A. would keep in touch with the Soviet Union over West Berlin 'an advance' on the former attitude of an uncompromising 'No'. Another East German broadcast said that acceptance of the idea of solving disputed issues peacefully was quite sufficient; it would be 'unreasonable' to expect President Kennedy to look at the world with anything but the eyes of American monopoly capital. Budapest radio made a similar point, arguing that the differences stressed by President Kennedy were not new and should not prevent agreement on basic problems.

Moscow subsequently claimed that the good beginning made at the Khrushchev-Kennedy meeting had 'clearly not gone down well in Bonn', hence Bonn's 'provocative appeals to its Nato allies to make a stand for the freedom of West Berlin'.

In a comment on the talks for a ban on nuclear tests—which, now in Moscow's view, should be made subordinate to agreement on disarmament—a Soviet broadcaster admitted that, in thirty-one months, the negotiating parties had 'done valuable work' and 'agreed on many points concerning the cessation of nuclear tests'. He went on to say that the United States is today 'openly seeking to torpedo the Geneva talks' and 'threatening to resume nuclear tests'. That was because of pressure from 'military circles' who 'have been biding their time for more than two years', but are now 'demanding tests of new types of nuclear weapons'. Moscow radio said it would be a 'crippling blow' to America's prestige if she resumed testing; *Trybuna Ludu* in Poland thought it was unlikely she would.

In Peking the *People's Daily* said that the 'so-called cease-fire question' in Laos was 'a deliberate invention by the U.S.A. itself' to block the work of the Geneva conference. Commenting on President Kennedy's decision to keep both this and the other Geneva conference (on nuclear tests) going, *The New York Times* wrote:

The alternative to negotiation is action. The risk that actions can bring in this thermo-nuclear world are so great that they are justifiable only as a last resort . . . Nothing is lost by negotiation so long as the adversary knows that you are strong and that you can be pushed only so far. The Russians have their way of negotiating—an interminable, baffling, exasperating way, conducted with double-talk, but it is still negotiation.

The press and radio war between the Soviet Union and the United Arab Republic shows no sign of abating. Moscow complains that Cairo has persistently distorted and slandered Soviet policy in attributing to it hostility to Arab nationalism and interference in the affairs of the U.A.R. Meanwhile *Al-Akhbar* has recalled that in 1957 Mr. Khrushchev told a correspondent of *The New York Times* that he co-operated with President Nasser—although 'he throws all the communists in his country into gaol'—because Arab nationalism fights against all kinds of imperialism. *Al-Akhbar* commented:

The case between us and the Soviet propaganda machine is clear and simple. We are an independent country which is very proud of its independence . . . We do not oppose the communist system as applied and adopted by the Soviet Union. But if this system tries to sneak into our own country by means of propaganda and agents, then it is our right to defend ourselves.

Did You Hear That?

DESIGN AS A SOCIAL PROBLEM

ON SATURDAY an exhibition illustrating the work of William Morris and his collaborators, organized by the Arts Council, opens until July 15 at the Whitworth Art Gallery in Manchester. This is the exhibition that SIR GORDON RUSSELL spoke about in 'Comment' (Third Programme) when it was recently on view at the Victoria and Albert Museum in London. 'In April 1861,' said Sir Gordon, 'a small group of artists including William Morris, Edward Burne-Jones, D. G. Rosetti, Charles J. Faulkner, and Philip Webb started the firm of Morris, Marshall, Faulkner and Company, a firm of decorators which was to become widely known. It was the first example of a co-operative effort by artists and, like all genuine pioneering, seems to have caused a good deal of amusement at the time. In recent years the research of the late Peter Floud, who was on the staff of the Victoria and Albert, has thrown much light on the activities of this group and especially on William Morris's textiles.

'Few men can have packed so much into a lifetime—poet, painter, designer of stained glass, wallpapers, textiles, tapestry, glazed tiles, book decoration, type and bindings, weaver, printer, archaeologist, socialist. Yet he was certainly not a dabbler. Nothing was more striking about him than his determination to go thoroughly into production problems before putting pencil to paper, and then to design within the technical limitations, a practice which might well be followed by more industrial designers today. He realized, too, that no designer can produce imaginative work endlessly. He must have both respite and stimulation, a point manufacturers should note.'

'Stained glass was the mainstay of the firm in its early days: oddly enough wallpapers and textiles are not mentioned in the original notice of activities but certainly they were among the

best things he did. As Peter Floud pointed out, it is remarkable that Morris should have been so successful with repeating patterns, which are naturally suitable for machine production. But he seems not to have been stirred by the immense upsurge of national



A detail from a panel of tiles illustrating the 'Sleeping Beauty', designed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, surrounded by 'swan'-pattern tiles designed by Philip Webb: made by Morris, Marshall, Faulkner and Company in 1864

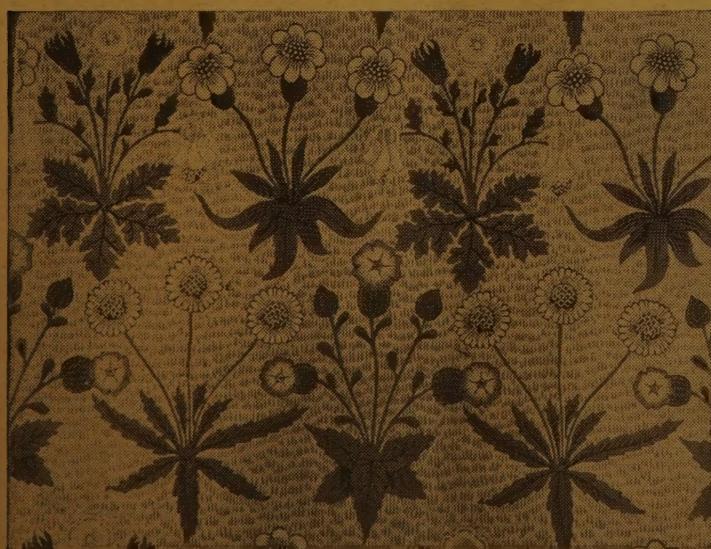
energy which built the railways, docks, great iron ships, and a thousand other things. He saw only the squalor and poverty and ugliness. Morris came to see design as a social problem, and in *News from Nowhere* and *The Story of John Ball* he put forward utopian theories on the assumption that everyone had the same integrity and vision as himself. It was a hard blow to him to discover that this was not so.

'One cannot help speculating on what would have happened if Morris had seen that having invented machinery to lighten labour mankind would certainly not scrap it; and if he had then decided that one of the big problems of his day was to learn to use the machine more intelligently. He must have realized that those who bought his hand-made goods were able to do so in most cases because the machine had provided them with adequate incomes. But he turned his back on the life of his own day, and his disciples in the Arts and Crafts Society became even more fanatical about the use of machines. Apparently it did not occur to them that healthy handwork might spring from a harmonious balance of hand and machine, both being good of their kind, or that increased leisure might give wonderful opportunities for people to use their hands once more.'

'I believe that a more realistic outlook would have had the practical effect many years earlier of bringing things of beauty within the reach of ordinary people. But, in spite of all, Morris still shines like a beacon. He stood always for real values in a world not then seduced by the specious values of advertising.'

YANKEE BLUE

'The world knows it as the Civil War', said EDDY GILMORE in 'Today' (Home Service), 'but to people like my grandparents it was the struggle for Southern independence, in which the South sacrificed everything and emerged a financial and industrial wreck; and yet, only a few weeks ago, I received a cable from a



'Daisy', a wallpaper designed by William Morris in 1862
Photographs: Victoria and Albert Museum

friend in my home town. It said: "Save your Confederate money, the South will rise again".

'Americans born in those lush lands below the Mason-Dixon Line are Southerners, and not only do we dislike being called Yanks or Yankees, we downright despise it. I first heard the word Yankee in all its dreadful connotation from my grandmother, a peppery old lady with a high, white pompadour and a very low boiling point. She was generally soft-spoken and profusely polite, but on this particular morning she turned into a veritable dragon in black satin.

'What triggered off my grandmother's temper was my new suit,



'Viscount Hinton' with his barrel organ: from a photograph

or, to be specific, the colour of my new suit; for it was dark blue.

"Where?" she asked, her blue eyes blazing, "did you get that suit?"

"Papa bought it for me", I stammered.

"Well, you go in there and change it and bring it to me", she ordered.

I did as I was told and, with my brand-new suit held out before her as if it were a polecat, she marched into our kitchen and fed it to the flames in our big, wood-burning stove.

"That suit", she fairly shouted, "was made out of Yankee blue".

She gasped for breath. "Yes, Yankee blue"; and then she launched into a melodramatic account of how a Yankee soldier, on the main street of Macon, Georgia, once reached down from his horse and snatched a gold brooch from her girlish shirtwaist.

"Snatched it like a common thief", she went on, "and galloped off down the street; and that suit of yours—the one I just burned—it was Yankee blue. The colours of the suit *he* wore, and the colour of the suit that every other Yankee soldier wore".

"But grandmother", I interrupted, "is that any reason to burn my new suit?"

"Wait a minute", she thundered, "I'm not through. Your grandfather was Colonel Ben King and he raised a regiment in Mississippi who fought under the Confederate flag, and the Yankees came and burned down his house and ruined his plantation. And your grandfather Gilmore was a captain with the Selma, Alabama rifles and he was scraped across the back by a Yankee cannon ball at Chickamauga; and your great-uncle John Collier—why, that scoundrel Sherman burned down his cotton mills on his march to the sea. No sir, don't you ever

talk to me about Yankees. Don't you ever wave a red flag at a bull, and don't you ever show me Yankee blue. I can't stand the colour".

AMATEUR ADVERTISING

'Who remembers "Viscount Hinton" today?' asked FREDERICK WILLIS in a talk in the Home Service. 'In my youth he was a familiar figure in the London streets. "Viscount Hinton" claimed that he was a much-wronged man deprived of his money, estate, and title by some legal jiggery pokery. Whether there was any truth in his claim I do not know but, the point is, we Londoners firmly believed there was. He secured publicity by going round the streets with his wife and a piano organ.

'They dressed in clothes the ordinary people expected a viscount and viscountess to wear: he had the conventional frock coat, and on the organ was a neatly rolled umbrella which he generally carried when he went round to collect the pennies. Her ladyship looked like an habitué of Old Bond Street, very ladylike and very "hatty", but she wielded the organ handle with a professional touch. On the organ was a neatly framed notice giving full particulars of their case, and Londoners read this with sympathetic interest. I remember one old lady in the Old Kent Road, who after reading the notice, said with deep feeling:

"It's a crook shame that a lady and gentleman like them should be done outer their rights by a ruddy lotter lawyers!" This was received with growls of approval by the onlookers.

'When I was a Mayfair tradesman I had a customer named Montague Pyke. He was memorable for many reasons, chief of which were an abounding vitality, an immaculate appearance, a fascinating personality, and an engaging and distinctive ugliness. This was the man who raised "animated pictures" from the penny gaff, housed in a hastily converted empty shop, into the cinema, displayed in a tastefully decorated and comfortable theatre.

'He established these theatres in various parts of London under the title of "Pyke's Circuit", and showed the "super" but silent films of the early days. *Ben Hur*, *Quo Vadis?*, and *Satan* were three I remember. It was Montague Pyke who replaced the traditional solitary piano of the early cinemas with a small orchestra, and for the first time the audiences were made familiar with excerpts from good classical music, which, I think, did much to raise their musical taste. There were also tip-up and comfortable seats for which the charge was 3d. and 6d.

'In those days hard work was the order of the day, and no worker ever dreamed of relaxation until the evening; therefore when "Pyke's Circuit" presented entertainment in the afternoon in the suburbs it was regarded as sacrilege. Nevertheless, there were people who had an hour or two and a few pennies to spare in the afternoon, and to encourage these people to regard afternoon entertainment as normal, Montague Pyke gave every patron between the hours of three and five a cup of tea and biscuits. As he said to me, "Tea and biscuits are not expensive, and it makes the darlings feel at home. It's the best advertisement I've ever invested in".



A cartoon of Montague Pyke, by Ape Junior, from *Vanity Fair*

Compromise and Vision in Philosophy

By J. H. ABRAHAM

MOST philosophers have taken for granted that what they are stating is as clear to their readers as to themselves. But there have been occasions when philosophers have allowed their terms to run away with them so that these have come to be mere labels unrelated to reality instead of serving, as all terms should, to describe reality. It is always incumbent on philosophers to guard themselves against this danger. In modern times this aspect of philosophical activity has assumed overwhelming importance.

Moore and the Task of Philosophy

Moore gave classical expression to it by saying that understanding the meaning of a proposition is totally different from knowing what it means in the sense of being able to give a correct analysis of its meaning. He went on to assert that we cannot be sceptical about the truth of certain propositions, although a philosopher like himself is 'very sceptical as to what, in certain respects, the correct analysis of such a proposition is'. The task of philosophy, as implied in these statements by Moore, is not to question the truth of certain propositions, since they are self-evident, but rather to analyse the meaning of the propositions themselves.

Throughout the history of western philosophy there has never been a period in which one philosopher or another did not concern himself with the analysis and definition of terms and ideas. Yet this has never been regarded as the sole function of philosophy but at best an essential ancillary. The modern movement, however, stemming from Moore but going far beyond him, thinks otherwise. The philosophers of this movement hold the view that this and only this is the task of philosophy, namely, testing the validity of statements by strictly logical methods.

For one thing, this has led, as it was bound to lead, to the complete divorce between philosophy and metaphysics. If by metaphysics is understood a system of thought dealing with such subjects as God, the soul, human destiny and so forth, it is argued that this must be a purely theoretical exercise of the mind, useless because it cannot be put to the test of verification. Metaphysical systems of thought would then possess only a kind of archaic interest, and while their truth must be discounted, some grudging tribute could be paid to the profundity of the writer's speculations by subjecting the statements in which they are embodied to the same analysis as any other statements in science, mathematics, or ethics.

Novel Approach

The novelty of this approach resides in the perfectly valid, if trite, observation that metaphysics is at bottom a matter of personal belief and as such is not amenable to the rigours of logical or scientific analysis. The adherents of this view do not go so far as to maintain that no one should hold a metaphysics; on the contrary, everyone is at liberty to hold any metaphysics he chooses. But this is irrelevant to philosophy proper, because no metaphysics can be proved to be right or wrong, true or false. In this way, a modern philosopher is relieved from the necessity of justifying his metaphysics or squaring it with his philosophy, which is now narrowed down to include only those subjects which can be scientifically or logically argued about. The important thing, according to him, is to keep entirely separate this function of philosophy from what is essentially a private matter; the latter must never obtrude upon the former. But is such a separation feasible? Up to a point there is no doubt whatsoever—and this constitutes the glory of British philosophy in the last fifty years—that a great number of philosophical problems can be raised and discussed without metaphysical implications.

Clearly the matter cannot end here. The onus of proof rests with these philosophers to show first why a metaphysics is inadmissible, even if it is a private belief. In the second place,

they have to show whether the purely empirical approach which they advocate is not itself a rationalization or an unconscious expression of a metaphysics; in other words, whether behind the analysis of metaphysics there does not lurk what may be called a metaphysics of analysis in which a personal highly individual motive is discovered to exist for the kind of analysis that is undertaken.

In English philosophy, the case of Locke is perhaps the most instructive. While nothing can detract from his magnificent contribution in bringing philosophy down to earth, it is all too obvious that his whole philosophy of ideas is a psychological restatement of the new philosophy of physics and chemistry of his day. The growth of knowledge from simple ideas to the most complex is equivalent to the growth of matter from simple elements, homogeneous in nature, which differ only in respect of size, shape, position, and motion. This method of tracing the growth of knowledge had also an analogy with the new mercantilism of Locke's day, in which the growth of capital through the permutations and combinations of figures was represented by good solid cash made up of units having a fixed determinate value.

Space and Extension

At a more metaphysical level, Locke's idea that space is the same or coeval with extension, that it is a filled thing or a plenum, had a religious motive. When God is conceived as having regulated the mechanism of the world for all time according to certain immutable laws, as a clockmaker does to a clock, the attraction and repulsion of objects at a distance through a void could not be explained except in terms of chance. This was repugnant to the kind of religious attitude of mind that prevailed. Only by thinking of space as a filled thing could the movements of atoms or bodies in space be satisfactorily accounted for in terms of the mechanistic philosophy.

Such underlying assumptions are, strange to say, a more common feature of empirical philosophy than of any other. They are very difficult to detect, if only because their existence is vehemently denied by those harbouring them. Descartes firmly believed that he was inaugurating a new era in philosophy as he had pioneered a new branch of mathematics. If only, he said, we started by doubting everything, we should see how easy it was to be certain about everything. This method, though outwardly empirical, is not. Professor Gilbert Ryle's devastating criticism of Descartes's philosophy has shown that it is camouflage for a thorough-going rationalism, which makes Descartes not the first of modern philosophers but the last of scholastic philosophers.

Hume, on the other hand, having reduced all existence to a succession of unrelated sensations, was aware of the complete and irreconcilable opposition between the findings of his philosophy and his everyday experience. The greatest British philosopher had put the resources of thought to the utmost limits of achievement and could not overcome his dilemma by further analysis, resigned to accept the complete and irreconcilable opposition between the findings of his philosophy and his everyday experience as an unavoidable fact.

Supposing we recognize this impasse or dilemma as inherent in all empirical thought, what conclusion can be drawn from it? Surely it is this, that every empirical philosophy will sooner or later be confronted with certain fundamental doubts, contradictions, and confusions which it cannot resolve by itself. Even if it is not a rationalization, it is incomplete, for by its very nature empiricism is a philosophy of compromise. It deals with a limited objective at a time, and when it has discovered a reasonable solution or explanation of the problem, it proceeds to the next. To ask it to relate together its findings to make them all-embracing, or to relate these findings to experience as a whole, is to ask it to

renounce its basic function and to assume a role for which it is not fitted or designed. Its terms of reference are strictly limited.

It is no coincidence that modern empiricism, what I have called the philosophy of compromise, should be associated almost exclusively with English philosophy. For the English character has never shown itself to greater advantage than in its genius for compromise, for discovering a practical solution to a problem which, though admittedly not the ideal, is nevertheless eminently fair and reasonable and is most likely to pave the way to a better solution in the future. In politics, to take one example, such empiricism has worked wonders. However, this distrust of pre-conceived ideas, of system, of ideals, though productive of beneficial results, has entailed one fortunate consequence. The people who make the claim of being only practical are in fact misrepresenting the motive of their actions and doing violence to their true nature. Where a solution to a practical problem is said to require only a dispassionate assessment, it is then believed that passion or emotion plays no part in it whatsoever. It is a short step from this to relegating passion or emotion in all walks of life to a position where it is shrouded in secrecy, shame, and contempt. The ambivalence of mind in a situation of this sort, when it refuses to acknowledge the role of emotion as an impulse to thought and action, gives rise to symptoms of neurosis and provokes in others sometimes their ridicule and always the taunt of hypocrisy.

It is clear, then, that our thought processes are not always purely intellectual. They cannot be isolated from will, purpose, imagination, feeling, and all the other factors that go to make up a human personality. If we are interested in anything it is not only our thoughts that are involved. We are and must be emotionally attuned to it and the satisfaction in the result, be it scientific, religious, or anything, is an emotional satisfaction. As far as philosophy is concerned, empiricism or the method of compromise is always required to clear the way as a preliminary or an adjunct to philosophical thought. As such, it is of immeasurable value. But it is only a means to an end and the end, in which thought, emotion, imagination all participate, is the attainment of a vision.

A Vision Emotionally Tinged

Those philosophies, therefore, which are opposed in method and approach to the empirical and analytic, may be said to be inspired by a vision which by definition is emotionally tinged. Plato from the ancient world would be regarded as the supreme example of the visionary philosopher, and in more modern times the same no doubt could be said of Schopenhauer, Bradley, and Bergson. While no four thinkers could differ so much from each other in aim and result, the features they all have in common are a reflection of the uniformly consistent pattern to which every philosophy of vision appears, consciously or unconsciously, to conform. Their philosophies are all passionately conceived. The strength of the emotion by which they seem to be stirred in their thinking is reflected in their writing, brought under some measure of control by Plato and Bergson but given full rein by Schopenhauer and Bradley. It is not a matter of chance but is the outcome of their initial inspiration, that they all possess an aesthetic sensibility, a feeling for words and a power for the manipulation of words that entitles them to be called artists.

Only in this sense can the term 'literary philosopher' be applied to them, and not in the pejorative sense of being merely dilettantes who have the knack of concealing the shallowness of their thought by a clever use of language. The reverse is true. They resemble poets only because they are supreme thinkers seized by an intense vision of the world. There is a consistent thread of one overpowering conviction that connects all the strands of their thought to give it shape and form, which is why they have to bring their philosophy under a system. The need for such a system springs from the desire to find an explanation for every contradiction and inconsistency in thought. Our reason, which is designed to discover a logic in our thought processes, has to abdicate its role and confess itself helpless in this quest. For this quest of harmony and consistency, so necessary for one's peace of mind, can only be undertaken by an act of faith. It is therefore not so much irrational as extrarational, which is at the base of all thought and reason.

It must not be understood that such a philosophy is incapable

of standing up to a critical examination, that it is devoid of any other than a personal significance, that it is the product of an imagination that has run riot. The opposite is the truth. Each one of these philosophies was rooted in the atmosphere and thought of the day. Plato had mastered the Pythagorean system of numbers and was immersed in the politics of his time. He made notable contributions to both mathematics and politics. But his main concern was to offer to the world a vision of the Idea of the Good to which all the other Ideas comprising real Being or Existence must ultimately owe allegiance.

Schopenhauer was a romantic who rebelled against the materialism of his day. The world to him was the world of living things whose existence depended entirely on a will that is all-devouring and also self-destructive. Only man in his rare moments, conscious of the futility of effort, can transcend this terrible manifestation of the will and find a haven of peace. In support of this idea of his concerning the all-pervasive ruthless character of will, Schopenhauer was able to quote chapter and verse from the scientific writings of his day.

Bradley, too, rebelled against the rampant materialistic philosophy of his day as it was represented by the sciences, in particular the associationist school of psychology. His Absolute was that spiritual reality in which all the contradictions of thought due to our short-sighted outlook on things can be resolved.

Beautifully Constructed Arguments

Each one of these philosophers, in developing his thesis, employed every trick of the dialectical trade to weave a pattern of beautifully constructed arguments. It is such a philosophy, of contemporary as well as universal significance, which can enthral, teach, and guide. These are the things which a man approaching the study of philosophy requires that philosophy should do for him. Such a philosophy, self-contained and comprehensive, can stand on its own merits and each person can judge for himself whether it satisfies him or not. I would go even further and say, not only is such a synthetic, theoretical, or visionary view of the world required at all times by thought, but it is precisely such a view that is likely to turn out to be nearer the truth in the end. An outstanding example of this is the old Atomic Theory of Democritus. A more fantastic vision of the world could not have been conceived, for nothing in our experience could ever produce a conviction that everything consists of tiny particles whirling and bouncing against each other in empty space. Such a view must have struck most thinking people as the ravings of a madman. It may be that as a piece of scientific theory it was not philosophical enough, and as a piece of philosophical thinking it was not scientific enough. But by its sheer audacity, its reckless plunge into the unknown with no guarantee of its truth, it is unprecedented in the annals of thought. Yet at long last, after more than 2,000 years, its truth, as far as matter is concerned, has been amply confirmed.

So I come to my final consideration, which is a plea for the widest possible thought. Our thinking must be given the freedom to roam at will to embrace every idea that enters the mind. The idea may or may not correspond to experience; it may or may not be the one consonant with what we can verify in actual fact. But by the very act of formulation it can transform or modify experience and endow fact with a fresh meaning. And if it does nothing else, it will at least perform the indispensable function of fructifying the processes of thought and preserve the mind from stagnating.—*Third Programme*

The thirty-eighth edition of the *Commonwealth Universities Year-book* has been published for 1961 by the Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1, price £4 4s. or £4 7s. by post (in the United States \$13). The new shape given to the book for its thirty-fifth edition has again been repeated for this invaluable work of reference, while the factual information which it contains has been brought up to date with the same care that has characterized these yearbooks since the series began in 1914. The new volume should prove as useful a directory as its predecessors have done for both libraries and for many organizations and private individuals. The preface explains that among new entries in the volume are notes for the first time about the University College of Sussex and about Fourah Bay College in Sierra Leone and the University of Nigeria at Nsukka.

Great Advocates

Sir Charles Russell, Q.C.

By LORD BIRKETT

WHEN men speak today of Charles Russell, who died in 1900, they almost always say 'the great Charles Russell' or 'the famous Lord Russell of Killowen'.

No tribute to his memory could be more eloquent than this; for Russell was one of those remarkable figures in the law who was equally great both as an advocate and as a judge. But the quality that made him great in both spheres was something distinct from the conventional things, such as training and aptitude or legal education; it was, to use a common expression, 'the way that he was made', the innate quality with which he was born, the nature of his forceful personality, which could dominate and overwhelm other men, whether they were jurymen, witnesses, or judges. He was once described by that great judge, Lord Bowen, as an 'elemental force' and the description has stuck to him ever since because of its truth.

This outstanding quality of Charles Russell is the key to his character. It explains his supremacy at the Bar, and his commanding authority on the Bench. It explains, also, why in his early days at the English Bar his style of advocacy was open to strong criticism and complaint. He was careless of the small matters that make life at the Bar tolerable and pleasant for those engaged in strenuous forensic contests, and he was apt to be contemptuous of others. He was an Irishman with a quick temper, and there were many angry exchanges with opposing counsel, sometimes even with jurymen, and not infrequently with the judge himself. Nevertheless, he made no lasting enemies. As the years went by he won universal admiration for his brilliance, and gained the affection of all because of his transparent honesty of purpose and the genuine kindness of his heart. But the sheer power of his personality was always the chief thing about him.

Charles Russell was born at Newry in Ireland in 1832, and after a very ordinary school life he became a solicitor in 1854. He was a strong Roman Catholic, and in his first year as a solicitor he made his name a household word in Ulster by his defence of the Catholic community in one of the villages of Antrim. A violent attack was being made by a Protestant lecturer on the Catholic faith when a village woman threw a pail of water in his face. Charles Russell defended the woman when she was prosecuted for assault, and he displayed all those qualities that were to make the great Lord Coleridge say in later years: 'He is the biggest advocate of the century and the ablest man in Westminster Hall'. He overwhelmed the prosecutor by his passionate cross-examination, he withstood the attempted tyranny of the Bench; and he made a speech of singular beauty in which his love of Ireland and its people were perfectly expressed. His success in this case led all his friends to urge him to go to the English Bar, where his remarkable powers could find more adequate expression. When the judge at the Newry Quarter Sessions expressed the same view in most emphatic terms, he decided to take the great step, for he had long cherished the wish to be an advocate in the superior courts.

Despite some family opposition, he came to England and entered as a student at Lincoln's Inn, and was called to the English Bar in 1859 when he was twenty-seven years of age. Although he

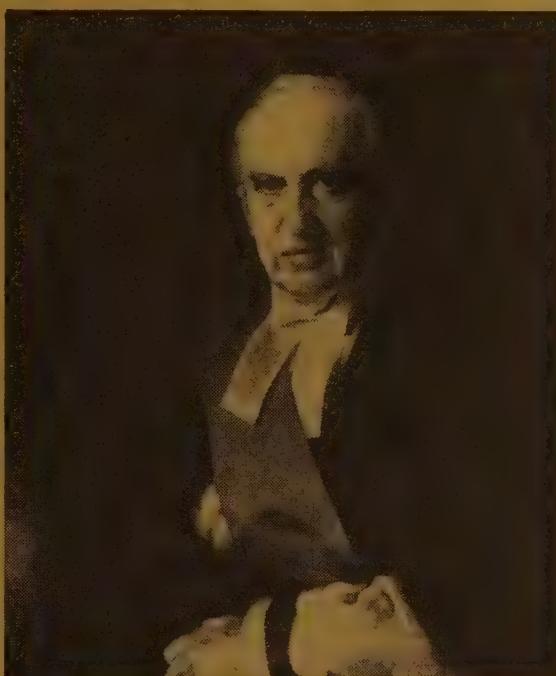
made his home in London, he practised mostly in Liverpool where there were many Irishmen, and soon he became widely known throughout the north of England.

Charles Russell had a splendid presence, a wonderful, piercing glance that could strike terror into the heart of a dishonest witness, and whatever he did, whether it was cross-examination or an address to the jury, he always seemed so impressive and so convincing that he was almost irresistible. Other men were perhaps better scholars, better speakers, finer intellects, but somehow Russell outshone them all and dominated any court in which he appeared. He took infinite pains to be thoroughly prepared beforehand; and he possessed that quality of the great advocate which appreciates the significance and meaning of everything that goes on in court, whether it is some slight stir in the jury box, some surprising turn in the evidence, some word from the judge indicating a view, some action of his opponent, or some sudden change of expression on the face of a witness. He was in fact always on the alert and ready for everything. Moreover he was absolutely fearless.

Russell was engaged in many famous cases but if I had to choose two out of the long list that seem to me the most dramatic and most interesting I should choose his defence of that strange and enigmatic figure, Charles Stewart Parnell, before the Parnell Commission in 1888, and the defence of Florence Maybrick at the Liverpool Assizes of 1889 when she was charged with murdering her husband by the administration of arsenic.

The defence of Parnell was without doubt the most memorable experience of Russell's legal life. In March of 1887 the agitation for Home Rule for Ireland was at its height. In Ireland the agitation was accompanied by scenes of great violence, and public opinion in this country was highly inflamed. It was at this moment that *The Times* published a series of articles under the heading 'Parnellism and Crime'. The articles were designed to show that the Parnell movement was revolutionary in aim, and criminal in some of its procedure, with the ultimate purpose of destroying British government in Ireland. In April 1887 *The Times* published the famous letter, said to have been written by Parnell, condoning the dreadful murders of Lord Frederick Cavendish, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, and Mr. Burke, the Under-Secretary, in Phoenix Park, Dublin. The sensation caused by the publication of the letter was immense; but Parnell contented himself by telling the House of Commons that same night that he had not written it and that it was a forgery. In view of this plain denial the matter was allowed to drop for a time; but several months later in some legal proceedings arising out of *The Times* articles, Sir Richard Webster, the Attorney-General, repeated the accusation against Parnell and this compelled him to take action. He asked the House of Commons to appoint a Select Committee to inquire whether the letter was a forgery or not.

The Government set up a Special Commission composed of three judges, and when the Commission sat in 1888 Russell was counsel for Parnell. The Irish members had good reason to believe that the letter was false, and that the signature of Parnell had been forged by a man named Pigott. *The Times* had bought the



Sir Charles Russell, later Lord Russell of Killowen and Lord Chief Justice of England: from the studio of J. S. Sargent

National Portrait Gallery

letter from a Mr. Houston, the Secretary of the Irish Loyal and Patriotic Union, and Houston had bought it from Pigott. The great mystery was: where had Pigott got hold of it? On February 20, 1888, Pigott went into the witness-box. Giving his evidence clearly and well, he said that he had bought the letter with other incriminating letters in Paris from an agent who was not well disposed toward Parnell.

A Model of Artistry

Russell was in possession of certain information about the letters that had been kept terribly secret, and for days he had been pale and distraught lest this information should become known to Pigott and the Attorney-General. His cross-examination is set out in all the books on advocacy as a model of artistry. It began: 'Mr. Pigott, would you be good enough, with my lord's permission, to write some words on that sheet of paper for me? Perhaps you will sit down to do so'. Pigott sat down, and Russell continued: 'Now will you write the word "Livelihood"? ' When Pigott had done this, Russell said: 'Now just leave a space and write the word "Likelihood"'. Then after a moment, Russell said: 'Will you now write your own name? ' And then: 'Will you write the word "proselytism"? ' Finally: 'Will you write "Patrick Egan" and also "P. Egan"? ' The last words were spoken with considerable emphasis, as though they were very important. Then Russell said in almost a careless tone—'There is one word that I had forgotten. Lower down, please, leaving spaces, write the word "hesitancy"'. And then, as though this was a vital point, he said 'with a small "h", please'.

The whole point was that Pigott had used this word 'hesitancy' in one of his letters to Pat Egan, and he had spelt it 'hesitancy'. Pat Egan had noticed this mis-spelling and he had written to Parnell to say that Pigott was the forger, for Pigott always spelt 'hesitancy' in this incorrect way, and in another of the many incriminating letters the word 'hesitancy' was in fact spelt in this way. On the sheet of paper handed back to Russell, Pigott had mis-spelt the word in the same way.

These opening questions of Russell's had taken about ten minutes, but when Pigott handed the paper to Russell, and Russell had read it and saw that Pigott had spelt 'hesitancy' with an 'e', he knew that the miserable man in the witness box was doomed. For Russell had in his possession, all unknown to Pigott, the letters Pigott had written to Archbishop Walsh before the publication of the articles in *The Times*, showing Pigott's knowledge of and complicity in the attempt to ruin Parnell; and by fierce and vehement questions, interspersed with damning quotations from the letters, the confident Pigott was reduced to a most pitiable spectacle, bewildered, confused, frightened, and at times saying almost anything that came into his head, however contradictory it might be.

The Defeat of Pigott

On the first day of the cross-examination Pigott's ordeal lasted about an hour and a half. On the second day when he appeared in the witness box he was really acknowledging defeat without actually saying so. On the third day when the name of Pigott was called there was no answer, but the following morning the court was informed that Pigott had written from Paris to confess the forgery. The admission itself was in a document taken down by Mr. Labouchère, and witnessed by George Augustus Sala. A warrant for the arrest of Pigott on a charge of perjury was issued. He was found by the police in a Madrid hotel and was allowed to go to his room to pack a few things for his journey. In a few moments there came the sound of a pistol shot. Pigott had put a bullet through his head.

This tragic ending to the central incident in the Enquiry also put an end to the public interest in the remainder of the sittings of the Commission; though in a speech lasting for eight days, Russell rose to great heights, and won universal praise.

The other great case in which Russell was concerned was his defence of Mrs. Maybrick, and it followed closely upon his great triumph in the Parnell Commission. James Maybrick, a Liverpool cotton broker, died at his home under mysterious circumstances. Some of those in the house who were attending Mr. Maybrick strongly suspected that Mrs. Maybrick had poisoned him. She

was arrested and tried for his murder at the Liverpool Assizes before Mr. Justice Stephen, a great master of the English criminal law. She was convicted and sentenced to death, but the sentence was commuted to one of penal servitude for life. She served fifteen years of imprisonment and was released in 1904.

The justice of her conviction was gravely questioned at the time, and the conduct of the trial and the result have been criticized ever since. Russell himself was of opinion that Mrs. Maybrick ought never to have been convicted, and he never ceased to agitate for her release. In the year in which he died, he presided at the Aylesbury Assizes as Lord Chief Justice, and he went to see Mrs. Maybrick in the prison there. He wrote again to the Home Secretary, telling him of Mrs. Maybrick's wretchedness and imploring him to set her free.

Many people have concluded that this attitude of Russell meant that he was convinced of the innocence of Mrs. Maybrick, but it by no means follows. When this matter was raised by Mr. G. R. Sims in the pages of *The Referee* newspaper, Sir George Lewis, the famous solicitor and a personal friend of Russell, wrote to say that in all his many talks with Russell about Mrs. Maybrick, Russell had never once suggested that she was innocent. What he had said in his letters, was that the case for the Crown was not proved. There were, in fact, two questions to be answered in the case: 'Did Mr. Maybrick die because of arsenical poisoning?' and 'If he did, did Mrs. Maybrick give arsenic to him with intent to murder?'

Events in the Maybrick Case

Russell always maintained that Mr. Maybrick died from natural causes, and the small amount of arsenic found in his body was consistent with the proved habit of Mr. Maybrick to take arsenic in one form or another over some years. These questions will never be answered satisfactorily now. There was undoubtedly a strong case against Mrs. Maybrick. Mr. Maybrick was aged fifty when he died and Mrs. Maybrick was only twenty-six. Mr. Maybrick was a healthy man, but shortly before his death he had quarrelled violently with his wife. She had cause of complaint against him concerning another woman, and Mrs. Maybrick was carrying on an intrigue with a young man named Brierley. This intrigue was, I think, one of the reasons for her conviction on the capital charge. In late March of 1889 she and Brierley had spent some days at a London hotel as man and wife. After visiting some friends in London she returned home and with her husband went to see the Grand National at Aintree. There they met Brierley; a violent quarrel broke out when they got home, and Mr. Maybrick struck his wife in the face. The family doctor managed to reconcile them, but thereafter Maybrick suddenly changed from a normally healthy man, to a nervous apprehensive man, continually under the care of the doctor.

In April Mrs. Maybrick had bought a quantity of fly-papers from several sources in Liverpool and all these fly-papers contained arsenic. She was seen by two of the servants soaking the fly-paper in water. She was seen acting suspiciously when preparing food for her husband. Mr. Maybrick's last illness began on April 27, about a month after the fierce quarrel over Brierley. On May 8 Mrs. Maybrick gave the nurse a letter addressed to Brierley at an address in Liverpool, and asked her to post it. Instead of doing that, Mr. Maybrick's nurse opened it, because of her growing suspicions. It was a reply to Brierley, who feared that Mr. Maybrick was trying to find out what happened between Mrs. Maybrick and himself in London, and in her reply, Mrs. Maybrick tells Brierley he need have no fear, and adds the fatal words that were to be so prominent a feature of the trial: 'Since my return I have been nursing Maybrick night and day. He is sick unto death . . . and now all depends on how long his strength will last out'. Three days later Mr. Maybrick was dead.

The unusual feature of the trial of Mrs. Maybrick was Russell's request that Mrs. Maybrick should be allowed to make a statement and this request the judge granted. Mrs. Maybrick thereupon made a rather unconvincing statement explaining the purchase of the fly papers and attempting to deal with the other allegations against her. This was I think a mistake of the first order and shows how the greatest advocates are not immune from grave errors of judgment. The law did not then allow Mrs. Maybrick to go into the witness box and give evidence on oath but she had the right

to make an unsworn statement. But she made it at the close of the case for the defence, when corroboration of her statement by competent witnesses was not possible or permissible and when cross-examination was out of the question. The Counsel for the Crown commented on the statement in strong terms, and the learned judge said that although the defence must have known the contents of this statement for a long time, no attempt had been made in the course of the evidence for the defence to try to substantiate it: and Sir Charles Russell had paid little attention to it in his closing speech for the defence. It may well be that it was the unsatisfactory nature of Mrs. Maybrick's statement that turned the scale, for when the learned judge summed up, in an address that left much to be desired, he said these significant and rather deadly words:

Suppose you find a man dying of arsenic, and it is proved that the person put arsenic in his plate. If he gives an explanation that you do not consider satisfactory, that is a very strong question to be considered.

Nevertheless the verdict of Guilty was received by the public

with considerable astonishment, and *The Times* said: 'It is useless to disguise the fact that the public are not thoroughly convinced of the prisoner's guilt'. The commutation of the sentence of death relieved public opinion in some degree, but the plain fact remains that Florence Maybrick spent the best years of her life—from twenty-six to forty-one—languishing in prison, largely I think because she wrote and underlined the words in her letter to her lover Brierley, *he is sick unto death*, and because she volunteered a statement that was not believed.

When Charles Russell died, the Bar and the Bench assembled in the court of the Lord Chief Justice, and Sir Robert Finlay, the then Attorney-General, spoke for all when he said:

The Bar recognize that in him we had, perhaps, the most commanding personality that ever adorned our great profession. . . . His dominant characteristic was reason penetrated and made red-hot by passion. In Lord Russell of Killowen we have lost a consummate advocate, a great judge, and a true friend. . . . He was most loved by those who knew him best, and no man who knew him can ever forget him.

—From a broadcast in the Home Service

A Sixteenth-century Byron

IAN GRIMBLE on Sir John Harington

TOTAL candour, except when it is considered admissible, is condemned as tactless or indiscreet, profane or lewd. Sir John Harington was accused of all these faults. Most people's discretion varies according to the context. Harington's 'uncovered honesty', as it was called with reproof, extended to every context; and in calling a spade a spade he was primarily concerned that people should face its real name and function without any false fastidiousness, hypocrisy, or pretence. And he anticipated their disapproving frowns by talking about his unmentionable spades with facetious levity. Like that tactless and outspoken poet of a later era, Lord Byron, he did not get away with it.

The similarities between Sir John Harington and Lord Byron are remarkable, and there are even verses of Harington's that could be accused of plagiarism if they had not been written two centuries before their models. There is no similarity of background between the two poets to help explain this. Byron was brought up in Aberdeen, the crippled son of a proud and impoverished mother deserted by her husband. Harington had a Queen, a Duke, and an Earl as godparents at his baptism in 1561. His father was a court poet who had used his pen fearlessly during the religious and political upheavals that preceded Elizabeth's accession. He had been imprisoned in the Tower with her during her Catholic sister's reign, and he had married one of her ladies-in-waiting.

Sir John Harington, their son, was born nearly 100 years after one of the more decisive events in England's history of good fortune. The Norman nobility had mostly killed one another off in the Wars of the Roses, leaving the throne to a Celtic dynasty from Wales that was not encumbered by useless or dangerous relatives. Elizabeth governed through men of talent like Burghley, Walsingham, and Hatton, irrespective of their social origins, just as her father and grandfather had been able to do. Harington thought of himself as one of the survivors of the *régime ancien*, one whose ancestors had hounded Piers Gaveston, borne Henry V's standard at Agincourt, captured Henry VI, been attainted by Henry VII after Bosworth. But Elizabeth was not impressed by such qualifications for office, and allowed her godson only the honorary post of a court poet.

To this function Harington brought his remarkable gift of candour. A cousin of his warned him: 'That damnable uncovered honesty will marr your fortunes . . . The heart of man lieth close hid oft times; men do not carry it in their hand, nor should they do so that wish to thrive in these times and in these places'. But Harington liked above everything to winkle out what lieth close hid in the heart of man, and with the *folie de grandeur* of the Haringtons he asserted the right to speak his mind. (In so



Sir John Harington of Kelston (1561-1612) and his wife, Mary
From 'The Harington Family' by Ian Grimble (Cape)

far as his damnable uncovered honesty received any disguise, it was only a thin veneer of frivolity that often served to sharpen the barb.) 'If they say "Fie for shame"', he said of his most outrageous book, 'do but you say (for company) that it is a mad fantastical book indeed. And when you have done, hide it away, but where they may find it, and by the next day they will be as cunning in it as you. For this is not the first time that I have said of such a kind of book:

In Brutus' presence, Lucrece will refuse it;
But let him turn his back, and she'll peruse it'.

It was not the first time. The first time was when he circulated at court his translation of the twenty-eighth book of Ariosto's huge epic poem about Roland of Roncesvalles, the *Orlando Furioso*. Ariosto's theme suited him perfectly—the resplendent world of medieval chivalry back-dated to Charlemagne's time, but gently debunked by the Renaissance poet. And Harington was betraying the same attitude when he translated the story of feminine frailty in the twenty-eighth book for the prim, bored ladies-in-waiting of Elizabeth's court: who, as he said, 'cannot always be pricking in clouts'. Here is his own bantering introduction:

You ladies, ye that ladies hold in prize,
Give not (perdie) your ear to this same tale
The which to tell mine host doth here devise,
To make men think your virtues are but small.
Though from so base a tongue there can arise
To your sweet sex no just disgrace at all,
Fools will find fault without the cause discerning,
And argue most of that they have no learning.
Peruse it not; or if you do it read,
Esteem it not, but as an idle babble.
Regard it not; or if you take some heed,
Believe it not, but as a foolish fable.

And what was the reaction of Lucrece to this? Just what Harington might have predicted. She was outraged (or affected to be), and dismissed him from court to translate the rest of the *Orlando Furioso*: which no doubt she read when Brutus's back was turned.

Arch-enemy of the Snigger

Harington's purpose was not merely to raise a snigger by purveying dirty jokes. He is in fact one of the arch-enemies of prurience and the snigger, for his concern was the open recognition of all human tastes, failings, call them what you will. He is one of the English pioneers of that Renaissance quest, the discovery by man of his own true self. Censoriousness has little place in such a quest, but it has been possible to misunderstand Harington's spirit of tolerance. The following, for instance:

For that sweet sin of lechery, I would say as the friar said, a young man and a young woman in a green arbour in a May morning; if God do not forgive it, I would. Sir Thomas More saith of Edward IV, he was subject to a sin from which health of body in great prosperity of fortune, without special grace, hardly refraineth . . . Besides, no doubt his sin was less in that he ever loved his wife most dearly, and used her most respectfully: for I have ever maintained this paradox, it is better to love two too many than one too few'.

Better, but not therefore good. And how were people to be cured of weaknesses?

I have heard of one hath been so sick of melancholy that he hath thought his head, or I think it was his nose did fill all the chamber. . . Now this man could not be cured by any reason to prove it was not like to be so, nor by demonstration to prove it was impossible to be so. . . A far different means was used to cure him, by persuading him it was so. . . For the physician coming into the patient's chamber, at his entry found fault that he could not come to the bedside for the greatness of the nose that filled all the chamber. 'Yea, marry', said his patient, 'it is too true. How should it be remedied?' 'Why', said he, 'it must be cut till it be less, and then seared'. And presently calling for a hatchet, he laid about him upon the forms and stools, and having conveyed great goblets of flesh into the chamber, bare him in hand that they were cut from that superfluous nose. At last, when he came with his hot iron to sear it, lest it should bleed too much, the melancholy man no sooner felt a little singeing of the hot iron, but he found his nose restored to very good proportion. So ended his melancholy.

A Devout Christian

When it came to the remedies of religion Harington, who was a devout Christian, was as indiscreet as ever. He did not conceal his attitude to some of the more primitive Hebrew writings included in the Old Testament. 'I have always had a Bible in my parlour these many years', he confessed, 'and oft-times when the weather hath been foul, and that I had no other book to read on, and have wanted company to play at cards . . . with me, I have read in those books of the Old Testament at least half an hour by the clock. . . Nay, further, I have heard a preacher that hath kept an exercise a year together upon the books of Moses, and hath told us of Genesis and genealogies, of the ark and propitiatory, of pollutions, of washings, of leprosies'.

As with everyone who has made an art of facetiousness, it is not always easy to be sure where it ends. Look at this satirical picture of the Head of the Church of England with one of her bishops.

There is almost none that waited in Queen Elizabeth's court and observed anything, but can tell that it please her much to seem, and to be thought, and to be told, that she looked young.

The majesty and gravity of a sceptre borne forty-four years could not alter that nature of a woman in her. This notwithstanding, this good bishop being appointed to preach before her . . . and wishing in a godly zeal as well became him that she would think some time of mortality, being then full sixty-three years of age, he took for his text . . . 'Oh teach us to number our days, that we may incline our hearts unto wisdom' . . . When he had spoken a while of some sacred and mystical numbers, as 3 for the Trinity, 3 times 3 for the heavenly hierarchy, 7 for the Sabbath, and 7 times 7 for a jubilee; and lastly (I do not deliver it so handsomely as he brought it in) 7 times 9 for the grand climacterical year, she, perceiving whereto it tended, began to be troubled with it. The bishop, discovering all was not well (for the pulpit stands there *vis à vis* to the closet), he fell to treat of some more plausible numbers. . . But withal interlarding it with some passages of Scripture that touch the infirmities of age, as that of Ecclesiastes 12, 'when the grinders shall be few in number, and they that look out of the windows, etc., and the daughters of singing shall be abased', and more to like purpose, he concluded his sermon. The Queen (as the manner was) opened the window. But she was so far from giving him thanks or good countenance that she said plainly he should have kept his arithmetic to himself.

If Harington doubted whether any mortal thing need be taken wholly seriously he was also able to invest flippant matters with a seasonable gravity. This bears on the coarseness of which he has so often been accused, both in his own not over-squeamish age and ours. Here is an example that may have shocked the fastidious:

Great harms have grown, and maladies exceeding,
By keeping in a little blast of wind:
So cramps and dropsies, cholic, have their breeding
And maze of brains, for want of vent behind.
Besides, we find in stories worth the reading
A certain Roman emperor was so kind,
Claudius by name, he made a proclamation
A 'scape to be no loss of reputation.

Purposeful Humour

Here, where Harington may seem to be most undiscriminating in his humour, I think he is being most purposeful. Look at the harm that results, he tells us, from the pretence and secretiveness which surround some of the most innocuous (and in any case inevitable) attributes of our human condition. He had much to say about human hypocrisy, and this was one of the few subjects that goaded him past satire to straight invective.

He carried his assault on secretiveness into the heart of his family circle, and this is what distinguishes his candour from Byron's most completely. Byron failed to achieve the normal mature relationships that can be presented to the world in random detail. Harington clearly had nothing to hide, and delighted to publish the most unquotable details of his private happiness. Both his parents died while he was still a student, so the victims of his candour were his wife and mother-in-law.

No other wife has ever been celebrated by her husband quite like Sweet Mall, and there must have been many occasions when she wished he would not. There is ample evidence of his mother-in-law's displeasure from such apologies as this one:

Madam, I read to you a little since
The story of a knight that had incurred
The deep displeasure of a mighty prince:
For fear of which long time he never stirred,
Till, watching once the King that came from chapel
His little son fast by him, in his garden,
Enticed the infant to him with an apple:
So caught him in his arms, and sued for pardon.
Then you shall turn your angry frown to laughter
As oft as in my arms you see your daughter.

Such were the disarming letters in verse which Harington addressed to his wife and mother-in-law in the days when court poetry was not unlike folk poetry and a man of Harington's facility perhaps made it up on occasion as he went along. His absences at court certainly accounted for many of these letters—and for many of the apologies, since neither Sweet Mall nor her mother approved of the courtier's unremunerative profession.

Your mother lays it to me as a crime
That I so long do stay from you sometime,
And by her fond surmise would make you fear

My love doth grow more cold, or less sincere . . .
 I, when I am from thee the farthest distance,
 Do in my soul, by my true love's assistance,
 Instead of sweet embracements, dove-like kisses,
 Send kindest thoughts and most endeared wishes;
 Then letters, then kind tokens pass, and then
 My busy Muse employs my idle pen . . .
 Alas, how many live still with their wives,
 Yet in true kindness absent all their lives.
 Absence is true love's sauce, and serves to whet it;
 They never loved whom absence makes forget it.

John Harington, who for so long relished and ridiculed and was impoverished by court life, came in the end to his wife's and mother-in-law's views. He had been dismissed from court the first time for his twenty-eighth book of Ariosto. He was dismissed the second time for his history of sanitation and blue-print for a water-closet, entitled *The Metamorphosis of Ajax*. His defence was characteristic:

If I had entitled the book *A Sermon shewing a sovereign salve for the sores of the soul; or, A wholesome haven of health to harbour the heart in; or, A marvellous medicine for the maladies*

of the mind, would you ever have asked after such a book? . . . But when you heard there was one that had written of A Jakes, straight you had a great mind to see what strange discourse it would prove. You made inquiry who wrote it, where it might be had, when it would come forth. You prayed your friend to buy it, beg it, borrow it, that you might see what good stuff was in it. And why had you such a mind to it? I can tell you. You hoped for some merriments, some toys, some scurrility . . .

The third time Sir John Harington was dismissed from court, it was over the part he had played with Essex in Ireland: and this time, it seems, he had had enough. He did visit his godmother once again, and sent his wife the description of his dying queen which is perhaps the most well known of all his letters:

Her majesty inquired of some matters which I had written. And as she was pleased to note my fanciful brain, I was not unheeding to feed her humour, and read some verses; whereas she smiled once, and was pleased to say: 'When thou dost feel creeping times at thy gate, these fooleries will please thee less'.

Harington had begun his career as a court poet, and had ended it as the last court jester.—*Third Programme*

Safe Drivers—Born or Made?

By J. P. BULL

AS road users we seldom appreciate the large energies involved in modern traffic. The nearest equivalent is a battlefield. A family saloon travelling at, say, 50 m.p.h. has the energy of 100 service rifles; and on a busy road these quantities of energy are being separately controlled according to the wishes and varying degrees of competence of 10,000,000 licensed drivers. It is unique in civilian life for so many individuals to have independent control of so much energy, and it is not surprising that this energy sometimes gets out of hand, nor is it surprising that injuries are often severe.

Proneness to Accidents

If these accidents occurred at random some drivers would be expected to have, by chance, more accidents than others, and it can be calculated to what extent this would occur. But figures from insurance records and from special studies of groups of drivers show that some people have far more than their fair share. For instance, half the accidents recorded by a certain insurance company came from only 17 per cent. of the drivers.

One should not jump to the conclusion that this necessarily implies accident proneness in the sense of a psychological disposition towards accidents independent of other factors. True accident proneness of this sort can be demonstrated where large numbers of people are performing identical operations in repetitive factory work. It correlates with certain psychological tests, and, although these tests can be used to select groups with higher than average accident rates, the correlation is not perfect. So, while such tests might be used in the selection of a few persons for a high risk job, they would be liable to reject some applicants unjustly if they were used, for instance, in granting driving licences. However, the figures for road accident insurance claims do not necessarily imply that accident proneness is of any importance—they only mean that total accident liability is not evenly distributed. The procedures of car driving are far more varied than those of repetitive factory work, and many factors may play a part in this total liability to accidents. Interestingly enough, the rather disappointing attempts to identify this suggested psychological tendency have themselves demonstrated much more tangible factors.

To investigate accident proneness one needs to study numbers of drivers, otherwise similar, with respect to all the other variables such as age, experience, and exposure to risk. Drivers of public transport are an obvious choice. Their personal details and

driving history are known, also the routes driven. Their accidents are recorded in a standard way. In such a study of omnibus drivers in Finland, psychological tests were performed on those with high and those with low accident rates. Many of these tests showed no significant differences, although a few were impaired in the high accident group which supports a suggestion that proneness does play some part. This is in line with studies made elsewhere, though it is disputed whether this proneness is a stable or a variable tendency. Independent of this, however, the Helsinki investigation revealed marked trends relating accident rates to age and driving experience. Drivers aged about thirty had twice the accident rate of those aged fifty, and similarly those drivers with less than a year's experience had three times the accident rate of those with three years or more. In this country L. G. Norman, the head of the medical department of the London Transport Executive, has found from his extensive records that the same sort of thing happens among London bus drivers. Drivers under thirty had twice the accident rate of drivers sixty years old, and even within the same age groups drivers with less than four years' experience had twice the accident rate of drivers with fourteen or more years' experience. But it is difficult to be sure of this separate effect of age and experience. Older drivers, for instance, may well have done more driving apart from their employment with the bus company.

The Importance of Experience

Fortunately, for many practical purposes the distinction is somewhat academic. This effect of experience in reducing the number of accidents is not confined to professional drivers, as is shown by a recent study of motor-cyclists in Britain. Drivers of motor-cycles in their first six months were shown to have twice the accident rate of later periods. In this particular study, the separate effect of age was not confirmed. So all the evidence points to driving experience being of outstanding importance in the avoidance of accidents.

The question naturally arises whether proper training could short-circuit some of the costly experience of these first few months of driving. If this is to be undertaken, we need to know what skills are required and how they should be taught. There are certain obvious techniques required of a driver, but further to these there are in modern traffic conditions large demands for judgment, vigilance, and anticipation; and one would suppose that it is to these that experience and training make their chief

contribution. These high-level psychological capacities have only recently been seriously investigated by psychologists. In this country the school of Sir Frederick Bartlett at Cambridge and the related Medical Research Council Unit have led the way. During the war Bartlett's group showed how these more complex aspects of behaviour, such as vigilance, judgment, and anticipation, were tied up with the efficient operation of modern weapons. Questions forced upon us by war-time service requirements now need to be tackled with the same application and urgency in relation to peace-time road traffic.

A start has been made: extensive studies on the factors affecting vigilance were carried out at Cambridge by N. H. Mackworth—the way, for instance, in which it is impaired by environmental stress. More recently the concept (from communication theory) of the limited 'channel capacity' of the human brain has been applied by E. C. Poulton in a study of the available spare attention during driving tasks. He has found that the performance of another secondary task can be used as a sensitive measure of the psychological demands of driving. Specific procedures of driving are also beginning to be tackled. At the Road Research Laboratory, A. Crawford has, for instance, recently studied the mental processes involved in deciding when overtaking is possible. An important conclusion is that the time taken in deciding whether to overtake is itself crucial to the safety of the manoeuvre: in short, do not overtake unless it is immediately clear that it is safe to do so. In this problem both the psychology of the driver and the mathematics of the situation are concerned.

Other examples involve a larger weighting to the mathematical side. For instance, the minimum safe braking distance when following another vehicle on the motorway has been shown to be about thirty feet for every ten miles per hour of the vehicle's speed, assuming normal reaction times. Skilled driving involves an integration of these various aspects. Efficient use of controls must be keyed to accurate judgment itself operating within mathematical possibilities of the various situations presented by traffic.

Studies of how these processes may fail, and so cause accidents,

should also be useful. Dr. Russell Davies has done this for certain well-documented air and rail crashes, and he describes three types of failure. The first he calls the false hypothesis, where a signal is interpreted according to anticipation instead of in accordance with actual observation. The second type concerns preoccupation with detail when an accident threatens in place of the required assessment of the whole situation. The third error he attributes to emergency responses that might serve well, say, in personal combat, but which are too violent and ill-controlled for the management of a complex machine. All these failures also occur on the roads and we need more information on their relative importance.

We also need to study how the required skills should be taught. The methods used may well be largely empirical but it is important that their effectiveness is thoroughly assessed in terms of the subsequent accident record of those who are trained. Unless such careful assessments are made, it is easy to be misled by short-lived improvements. Some evidence is already available. For instance, highly organized training is given to police drivers, and the police school at Hendon has long experience of this training.

A thorough course is provided over several months, and tests of proficiency are made at different stages. Some years ago an assessment was made of the accidents suffered by their trained drivers as compared with drivers doing similar work who had not been through the school. The comparison showed that though both had a favourable accident record, the trained drivers had about half the accident rate of the others. Similar good results are reported from school driving instruction in the United States, and schemes on these lines are now being introduced in this country.

When we think of the general problems of the prevention of road accidents it should be remembered that big contributions could result from improvements both in roads and in vehicles. But the proper use of these depends upon the driver, and it would seem that even with existing roads and cars more thorough training could certainly avert many accidents.—*Network Three*

The Wind and the Rain

When that I was—I never knew
The long division of seasons
The old worked out at night,
Their marginal errors hidden
In labyrinth dreams of lost
Ghosts of the war-dead,
The limbo limbs that still
Tread with a treadmill tread
And come and go unbidden:
For I was a fêted ghost
To my own flesh as I flew
And the earth flew under my feet,
Where flowers grew like reasons
And a robin's nest was right.

When that I am—I only know
I have nothing sure to divide by;
Along my borders swarm
Hostile tribes of money
Down from the hills of power;
Nothing that I have got
Could do them good, they are only
Uneasy that I am not
Some category of nothing
Like a radio-active flower:
Where do they want me to go?
Simply out of their minds,
Or get some gadget to guide my
Peace to approve their wars?

When that I'll be—nobody knows
The melting point of silence

When the cold rocks and the bones
Of the newly dead impel you
To listen, however numbed
War-worlds have made your soul—
As in a Cumberland March
When a blizzard gags the whole
Of what spring has to tell you,
Like a death you know must come,
But the root roots for the rose,
The rainwet rock for its light,
And every loss is final
But can happen more than once.

PATRIC DICKINSON

Old Man

What he wished to be and what he was
No longer brawl: the grunts and thuds are dumb.
A former bandit in a fat disguise,
No longer prone to injure anyone,
His holster's empty and his eyes are red,
And nodding in his rocking chair he sighs
Remembering that lovely loaded gun,
But then recalls the various salt he shed
And what a nuisance it so often was.

Great days, all gone; dear comrades, all stone dead:
He loves them, for the dead do not condemn
Or mock or boss or say lie's telling lies,
But smile and whisper from the darkening gloom,
'You're tired and cold. Come in. It's time for bed.'

VERNON SCANNELL

Carl Gustav Jung

By FRIEDA FORDHAM

CARL GUSTAV JUNG, who died on June 6 at the age of eighty-five, was one of the famous pioneers in what has come to be known as dynamic or depth psychology because it concerns itself with the driving forces of human behaviour and conceives these as emanating from the depths of man's nature or unconscious.

In spite of much hostility to this view (a hostility that is still current though less violently expressed than it used to be) many of the concepts of dynamic psychology and its terms have passed into current speech and have become so much a part of our lives that we forget what vision and courage was needed to propose them originally and what determination was required to explore what have been called 'the secret highways of the mind'.

Jung began his own researches at the beginning of the century when he embarked on his career as a young psychiatrist at the famous Swiss Mental Hospital, the Burghölzli. Here, as well as his ordinary medical duties, he worked with what were called 'association tests', and found that these seemed to confirm scientifically the new theories being propounded by Freud. The two met in 1907 and Jung became a leading member of the group who in the face of intense criticism were developing Freud's discoveries. However, Jung had too independent and rebellious a nature to continue as a disciple; his philosophical background inclined him to be critical of some of Freud's views, and he began to develop his own theories. They parted in 1914, ostensibly on the issue of the 'libido theory': Freud holding that the basis of psychic energy was to be found in the sexual instinct and its derivatives, while Jung held that there was a counterpole in man, an instinct which he called 'spiritual'; though what he meant by this seems on examination to be as far-reaching as what Freud meant by sexuality.

The difference with Freud stimulated Jung to develop his theory of types, perhaps the best known part of his work, the terms 'introvert' and 'extrovert' as applied to human beings having passed into common speech, while the concept has been made a basis for research and validity by a different school of psychology. The driving force behind Jung's extrovert-introvert theory was the attempt to explain the very differing attitudes of Freud and himself, and he demonstrated this difference with many striking examples drawn from philosophy, literature, and religion as well as psychology. However, his interest did not rest here and he went on to develop the ideas on symbols which he had outlined in *Psychological Types* and which he had first introduced in *The Psychology of the Unconscious*,* the book which marked his break with Freud.

Jung held that man's capacity for symbolization made possible a genuine transformation of, rather than a sublimation of, instinctual energy. He became interested in the symbolization which expressed itself in religious forms, and out of this arose the studies of both Western and Eastern religion now collected and published in *Psychology and Religion* and those on early Christianity, gnosticism, and alchemy published in *Aion* and other works. He studied the historical development of the religious symbols

which he grouped under the term 'self', and this eventually became his main preoccupation. Many people mistakenly thought that his work supported the views of organized religion as expressed in the Church, while in fact his outlook was quite revolutionary, as is clearly seen in his *Answer to Job*; but he always stressed the therapeutic value of religion however presented, and knew that for many people the forms prescribed by the Church were the best.

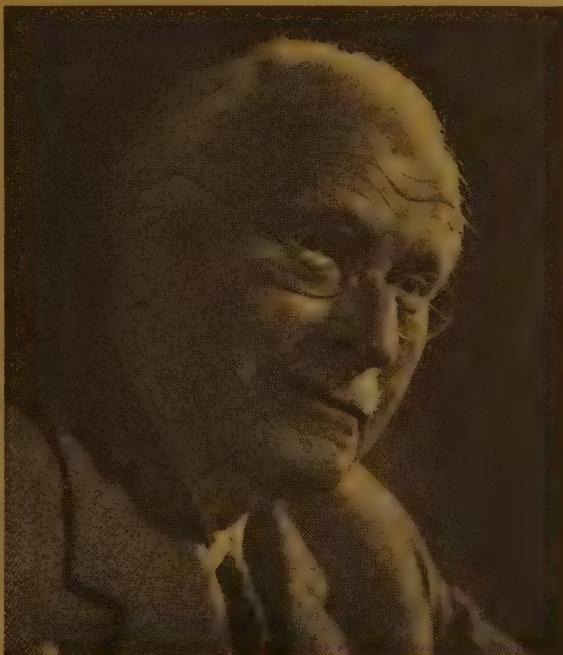
Of his excursions into social psychology the most interesting and valuable are probably his *Essays on Contemporary Events*. Here he said much that was prophetic, threw a new light on the events that led up to the last war, and emphasized the dangers inherent in mass organization and the consequent neglect of individual values. He himself valued above everything man's inner world and its varied expression, and he held that the most important and urgent study for mankind was man himself.

Jung's work has been much criticized as well as praised, and he himself made both friends and enemies; he was a large personality in every sense of the word and excited both hero-worship and bitter enmity. This was entirely in keeping with his view of what life and human nature were like. He held that the tendency to shut our eyes to the disagreeable elements in man or to try to stamp them out, as law-makers and educators do, was thoroughly dangerous and stood in the way of any genuine

change—if such a change were possible, which in his later days he sometimes seemed to doubt. He thought that it was urgent for all those who could to learn something of their own unconscious nature; for only by so doing could consciousness exert any real influence on man's shadow, as he termed the dark instinctual wishes and drives, and he was well aware of the destructive as well as the creative elements in himself.

He was, until quite late in his life, full of an energy which allowed him to make use of his many gifts. He wrote books and essays right up to his death, carved stone, painted pictures, and in his younger days swam, sailed, and climbed mountains in his native Switzerland, helped to build his special retreat—a tower-like cottage on the Zurich lake—travelled abroad, lectured, spoke four languages idiomatically and understood others well. In addition he read widely and was always ready to talk most entertainingly (for he had a good and sometimes impish sense of humour) on a variety of subjects. He was deeply concerned with the way our civilization was developing and took a somewhat gloomy view as he grew older, complaining 'Nobody ever listens to me'. He could sometimes be dogmatic, and was not perhaps in his later years the best of listeners, but he was nevertheless very warm-hearted and would spare time for a student needing advice, a village postmaster who had had some experience which he thought fitted in with something he had heard of Jung's ideas, and many others—often quite ordinary people—in need of his help. His wife—also a much-loved person—died some years ago, but he leaves behind a large family, including great-grandchildren.

There are Jungian clinics in Switzerland and England, as well as students of his practising in the U.S.A. and other countries, so that in time what he began may be carried on and developed.



Dr. Carl Jung: 1875-1961

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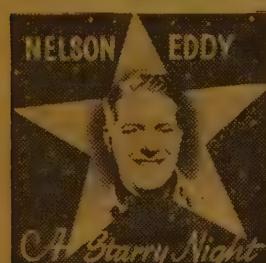
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B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

June 7-13

Wednesday, June 7

Meeting of conference on Laos in Geneva is cancelled after reports of a breach by the Communist forces of the cease-fire
Preliminary report of the 1961 census shows that population of the United Kingdom has increased by more than 2,000,000 in past ten years

Thursday, June 8

It is announced from Washington that President Kennedy was suffering from a strained back during his tour of Europe and will have to undergo treatment

Russia protests to the Western Powers about the holding of meetings of the Bundestag committees in Berlin

Friday, June 9

Mr. Diefenbaker, the Canadian Prime Minister, says that there should be a special Commonwealth Conference to discuss any move by Britain to join the European Common Market

The United States joins the Federal German Republic in rejecting Russia's protest about German parliamentary meetings in Berlin

Saturday, June 10

Sir Anthony Eden, speaking on the need for closer unity within the West, calls for the establishment of a political general staff

The text is published in Moscow of memoranda given to President Kennedy by Mr. Khrushchev in Vienna on the subjects of Germany and Berlin, and nuclear tests and disarmament

Sunday, June 11

Lord Home, the Foreign Secretary, discusses with Mr. Gromyko, Soviet Foreign Minister, in Geneva, the possibility of resuming conference on Laos

In disturbances at Dartmoor prison one prisoner is killed and three injured

Prison officers at Pentonville threaten to work to rule unless more staff is recruited

The *Sunday Dispatch* is to be merged with *Sunday Express*

Monday, June 12

Dr. Richard Beeching, Chairman of the British Transport Commission speaking at a press conference on plans for the improvement of British Railways, forecasts an increase in some fares

The Geneva conference on Laos is resumed

Tuesday, June 13

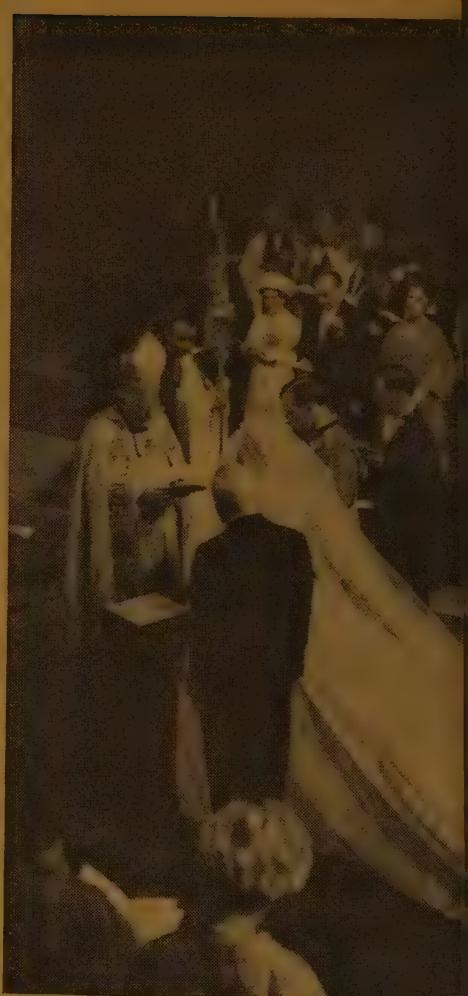
Admiralty security arrangements are criticized by the Romer Committee set up to inquire into the Portland naval secrets case

Prime Minister tells Commons that he does not exclude the possibility of a Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference before Britain takes any decision about joining the Common Market

The first Test Match between England and Australia ends in a draw



The Duke and Duchess of Kent (formerly Miss Katharine Worsley) photographed after their marriage on June 8



R. Winstone

The fourteenth-century perch of Clevedon Court, Somerset. This house, which was accepted by the Treasury instead of death duties on the estate of Sir Ambrose Elton, the ninth baronet, has been acquired by the National Trust and is now open to the public on Wednesdays, Thursdays, Sundays, and August Bank Holiday

President Kennedy to the American people in Washington from where he had been meeting Mr. Khrushchev. Referring to his meeting with Mr. Kennedy, Mr. Khrushchev sharply, but at the end without

Right: the 'E' ship, leaving Australia, a



The scene at the altar of the Minster as Dr. Arthur Ramsey, the Archbishop of York (the Archbishop of Canterbury designate), performed the marriage ceremony. Members of the Royal Family are looking on. The bride's dress was of white silk gauze with a fifteen-foot train; the bridegroom wore the ceremonial uniform of the Royal Scots Greys. The wedding was televised (see page 1062).



The Queen taking the salute on Horse Guards Parade at the Trooping the Colour ceremony on her official birthday last Saturday. The Colour trooped was that of the 2nd Battalion Scots Guards. The ceremony was seen on television in Russia. Above: members of the Royal Family, including Prince Andrew, on the balcony of Buckingham Palace after the parade



broadcasting last week after his return to European tour when General de Gaulle, Mr. Macmillan, Re. the Soviet leader, their views contrasted knew better at the both stood'

a Chilean training Harbour, Australia last week



A giant earthworm, five feet six inches long when fully extended, which was discovered in the Colombian Andes. The photograph was taken at the London Zoo last weekend

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Britain's Expanding Universities

Sir,—I cannot understand why Mr. Hemmings is so angry with Sir Eric Ashby for telling the public a few home truths about our universities (THE LISTENER, June 1). I am a lecturer at a Redbrick university where the teaching duties are heavy, and as a point of principle I have always tried to give students first claim on my time and attention, yet in doing so I know that I may be jeopardizing my career because when it comes to promotion or another job elsewhere or travel opportunities nothing else seems to count compared to having a fat list of publications to one's name. In what other profession is one penalized in this way for doing one's job conscientiously? Nor can I share Mr. Hemmings's faith in the interview as an adequate safeguard because I know that it can all too easily become a farce. One might have thought that a happier situation would prevail in the older universities where the teaching load per don is so much lighter but the recent outcry from Oxford students about the standard of lecturing there is not reassuring.

I do not know what remedy to suggest but we shall certainly not find one by pretending that there is no problem.

Yours, etc.,
Belfast JOHN BELOFF

Sir,—As both Sir Eric Ashby, who broadcast the talk on British universities, and Mr. F. W. J. Hemmings, who replied by letter, seem to be well established at the top of this academic ladder I wonder if you would care for an opinion from the lower rungs?

As a student I am very pleased to hear from Mr. Hemmings that the majority of British universities select and promote their staff on the basis of dedication to students rather than published work. My own limited experience has been exactly to the contrary, and I regret that it seems to be shared widely among my fellow graduate students at the University of London.

At our particular college it is painfully plain that the standard for promotion is publications. The result of this upon the student is that in our section it normally takes from five to eight years to complete what should be a three-year degree while the mortality rate among useful people who run out of money or courage along the way seems needlessly high. This long study does not produce mature fully trained teachers but rather turns otherwise competent people into unbalanced, over-specialized, self-seekers 'crawling along the frontier with a hand lens', as Sir Eric so ably put it, in order to publish, publish, and publish again until the ultimate Nirvana of a purely administrative post is attained, after which one is never again bothered with students and a weekly attendance at the library committee serves to justify a surtaxable salary.

The number of student careers wrecked unnoticed along this path is sad to contemplate.

Although I may never leave London with a degree I will most certainly leave London with a bitter taste left by the waste of productive years and personal savings that has marked my six years of study.

Aside from the callous waste of human resources allowed by this system it is utterly unfair to the blessed conscientious few who give willingly of their time and counsel encouraging other people's students to persevere in what is otherwise a do-it-yourself degree. For this generosity they receive neither official recognition nor promotion but have only the gratitude of those like myself who have benefited so much from their kindness.

Yours, etc.,
London, N.W.5 JOHN McMaster

Sir,—Sir Eric Ashby's suggestion (THE LISTENER June 1) to end the rat race for university education is ingenious but there is another way, and that is to introduce courses that lead to jobs for Top People into the technical colleges. There need be no lowering of standards for these courses nor need the subjects be deprived of necessary research, but they should be deliberately confined to technical colleges. Perhaps business administration and advertising offer the best opportunities for this approach to end our educational rat race and to give necessary status to our technical colleges.

Yours, etc.,
Edinburgh, 3 D. WOOD-GUSH

What is History?

Sir,—My purpose in replying to Mr. Carr was to reiterate the position which I took in the lecture which he so vigorously assailed, not to modify it. If I have contributed to Mr. Carr's bewilderment, this can only be due to my lack of skill in exposition. Yet what can I do to remedy this condition (which I am truly sorry to have caused) but once again summarize, as clearly as I am able, what I think to be true, in contrast with the views that Mr. Carr sincerely, but mistakenly, believes me to hold?

(1) My reason for not asserting that determinism must be false is simple—I did not, and do not, know whether it is false. The word 'here', italicized by Mr. Carr, was meant to indicate that I did not think it appropriate to conduct a full-scale discussion of the arguments for and against determinism in general in a lecture on history, not (as he seems to think) that I claimed to know it to be false but did not bother to show this in the lecture in question. What I did say, and still believe, is that the arguments in favour of determinism are not convincing, let alone conclusive, and that acceptance of it logically entails a far more drastic revision of some of our commonest convictions and notions than is usually allowed for. The belief, for instance, that men who acted in

a particular way in a particular situation could, within certain limits, have acted differently in this same situation, in a more than merely logical sense of 'could', seems to me to be one of these.

I argued in my lecture that this assumption underlay the normal thought and language of most men and most historians (including Mr. Carr), whereas they do not imply ability in determinism as described by Mr. Carr, but rather the contrary. But this fact, although it may create a presumption against determinism, is not, of course, tantamount to showing that determinism is false, still less that it must necessarily be so; only that if it is, at any rate for practical purposes, a valid hypothesis (as it may be), then much that historians and common men (including Mr. Carr) assume or believe will turn out to be false.

I also argued that we cannot really embrace determinism, that is, incorporate it in our thought and action, without far more revolutionary changes in our language and outlook (some among them scarcely imaginable in terms of our ordinary words and ideas) than are dreamt of in Mr. Carr's philosophy. On the other hand, Mr. Carter is perfectly right in supposing that I believe that the determinist proposition that individual (or indeed any) actions are wholly determined by identifiable causes in time is not compatible with belief in individual responsibility. Mr. Carr believes that both these irreconcilable positions are supported by 'common sense and common experience', whereas I think that only the second is what ordinary men assume. It is this paradox that is at the heart of the problem of free-will, and, as I have admitted already, I do not know what its solution is. It is this issue that Mr. Carr dismisses as a 'dead horse', as many eminent thinkers have tried to do before him. It has, unfortunately, survived them all and may, I fear, survive him too.

(2) If Mr. Carr supposes that I deny the proposition that 'to understand all is to pardon all' he is, once again, perfectly right. But if he infers from this that historians should not, in my view, use all their powers to understand and explain human action, then he is certainly wrong. It seems to me, to give an example, that the better we understand ourselves, the less liable we may be to forgive ourselves for our own actions. But from this it does not begin to follow that historians should not look for 'social or economic causes of the two world wars' because their discoveries may explain away the moral responsibility of specific individuals; they may or may not. It is the business of historians to understand and to explain; they are mistaken only if they think that to explain is *ipso facto* to justify or to explain away. This truism would not need stating were it not for a tendency on the part of some modern historians, in their understandable reaction against shallow, arrogant, or philistine moral judgments (and ignorance or neglect of social and economic

causes) to commit themselves to the opposite extreme—the total exoneration of all the actors of history as products of impersonal forces beyond conscious human control.

(3) It is one thing to recognize the right of historians to use words which have moral force, and another to order or recommend historians to deliver moral judgments. I can only say again that to attempt to purge the historian's language of all evaluative force is neither desirable nor possible. But it is a far cry from this to inviting or commanding historians to give marks 'to outstanding figures of the past', of which I am accused. In matters of moral judgment historians seem to me to have the same rights and duties, to face the same difficulties, and to be liable to the same lapses as other writers and other men who seek to tell the truth.

May I therefore, in answer to Mr. Carr's three queries, say this:

(a) I know of no conclusive argument for determinism in the sense in which he uses the term. It does not seem to me to follow from this that determinism is either necessarily or in fact false. Whether true or false I do not believe it to be compatible with the commonsense notion of personal responsibility.

(b) Following Marx, I see no reason for denying that men have a limited freedom of individual action, but within conditions that are largely not of their own choosing. Neither in my lecture nor in my letter did I cast any doubt on the existence of social or economic causes for these conditions, whose importance has been gravely underestimated before our time; but I see no compelling reason for supposing that these conditions include necessary and sufficient causes of every individual action.

(c) It is not, in my view, the historian's duty to praise or blame individual historical personages, but he has no less right to do so than anyone else.

These are the conclusions arrived at in my lecture, and both my letters are merely attempts to repeat them. These views may be mistaken, but they are, at any rate, not those attributed to me by Mr. Carr. I sincerely hope, therefore, that in his forthcoming book, which I shall read, like all his other works, with eager interest, he will not charge me with views which neither of us holds. I know that he would not do so willingly.

Yours, etc.,
OXFORD
ISAIAH BERLIN

Sir,—Mr. Carr shakes my faith in his wisdom when he declares that engineers do not study biology and hence argues that historians need not. History records, however, that biologists and engineers have been accustomed to studying one another's problems for a long time: to be precise, from Sumer to Silsoe. And, if we leave out foreigners like Leonardo, were not Robert Hooke, Fleeming Jenkin and Herbert Spencer all engineers who (two for the better, one perhaps for the worse) altered the course of history by studying biology? Perhaps that is why some of our universities, our more progressive universities, teach biology to engineers.

Biologists and historians have also been accustomed to studying one another's problems. Nowadays biological methods allow us, for example, to examine the scope of determination and uncertainty in living systems. Mr. Carr and Sir Isaiah Berlin have been discussing this

issue in relation to history. But in this respect biology is experimental history. Problems of determination (so we believe) have always existed in the history of animals and they did not cease to exist at some point in the history of man. As he passed from stone age to iron age, the rules of heredity, variation and selection continued to operate.

For these reasons many writers will continue to seek—and a few of them may be expected to find—illumination by applying the methods and principles of biology to the data of history. That does not mean that Mr. Carr or Sir Isaiah Berlin should start inquiring into biology today. It does mean that young historians should not be discouraged from doing so.—Yours, etc.,

OXFORD

C. D. DARLINGTON

by that is meant such people as Horney, Fromm, Sullivan, etc.) assume that 'maladjustments are inherent in the individual and not in the structure of society'. On the contrary the outstanding characteristic of this school has been to try to reconcile modern anthropological and sociological knowledge with basic Freudian tenets, and to point to the contradictions and inconsistencies in modern life that may generate neurotic conflict in the individual. There may be differences of opinion about how successful the neo-Freudians have been in this attempt to reconcile biological and sociological thinking, but it seems to be either misinformed or uncharitable to deny that they have tried.

Yours, etc.,
LONDON, W.C.1
E. M. EPPEL

'Two Early Political Occasions'

Sir,—I am sorry that Mr. Sedgwick continues to be both unfair and inaccurate. After admitting (contrary to his previous assertion) that I had at least taken note of the Egmont Diary, he now shifts his ground to the completely unfounded suggestion that I am nevertheless unaware of its contents. To support this allegation Mr. Sedgwick refers to Egmont's nine-line account of the Lords debate on the Quaker Tithe Bill, draws a conclusion from it that Egmont's scanty remarks do not in fact justify, neglects the much fuller evidence in Quaker and other sources, and, finally, misrepresents what I actually wrote on this point.

Mr. Sedgwick is similarly misleading in his illustrations of where he alleges I know better than my authorities. I rejected Hervey's contention that the Dissenting Deputies' Committee was packed by Walpole to betray the cause of the Dissenters because, in the light of Dissenting and other evidence, it seemed an unwarrantable and insupportable assertion; but I set out both sides of the case very fully and the reader can judge.

On the subject of Walpole's break with Gibson, the contemporary evidence is in fact conflicting, though Mr. Sedgwick prefers not to say so. In my book I reviewed the various possible explanations in the light of this conflicting evidence (together with the new evidence I have taken from Quaker sources), and then suggest that Walpole deliberately engineered the breach as the explanation which best seems to fit the facts of the case. But here again I am content to be judged by what I have actually written—though without the gloss of Mr. Sedgwick's unjustified innuendos.—Yours, etc.,

OXFORD
NORMAN HUNT

Miracle and History

Sir,—I should like to comment on three of the points raised by Professor Flew in his talk, 'Miracle and History', printed in THE LISTENER of June 1.

(1) Professor Flew states that 'The expression "Law of Nature" is so used by scientists that to speak of violating such a law must be contradictory and without sense'. This is simply rubbish. A scientific law is not an affirmation of a logical necessity, it is an affirmation of an observed regularity in nature. It states what does happen, not what must happen. That is why all scientific laws are in principle open to refutation. They never acquire the logical necessity that Professor Flew would wish upon

them. If they did, they would cease to be informative and become mere tautologies—they would add not one jot to what we know about the world and its workings. True, there is a weaker sense of 'necessity' which is applicable to laws of nature, *viz.*, physical necessity, but there is no logical reason why one should not proclaim an exception to a law of this type, and a miracle, generally, constitutes just such an exception.

(2) If, however, a miracle were simply an exception to an observed regularity in nature, it would not in itself be of any interest to a Christian. For him, a miracle is essentially a *sign* and, in the paradigm case of the miracles of Christ, a sign of God's approval and confirmation of His teaching and His claims. It is essential to the Christian concept of the miraculous that it should occur in a religious context.

Above all, it is wrong to think of God as an ultimate scientific hypothesis, brought in to explain the otherwise inexplicable. God sustains the world at every moment, and the miracle is simply a special instance of His unremitting activity. Paley's argument from design is fallacious, and dangerously so, in that it pictures God as a master-mechanic and the universe as a clockwork toy. If this were so, occasional freakish behaviour in the toy would indicate the intervention of the mechanic. But this is a deistic notion, and I doubt if any believing Christian nowadays would care to defend it.

(3) Finally, it is surprising to see the old verification principle exhumed in so crude a form. What Professor Flew appears to be saying is that any proposition of the form 'any such thing must be so and so' has, in virtue of its form alone, 'vastly greater logical strength' than 'the typical historical assertion'. If this is true, then we might say that a proposition like 'Any Admiral who directs a successful naval battle must have the use of both arms and both eyes' has vastly greater logical strength than 'Nelson won the battle of Trafalgar'. But its vastly greater logical strength is not a reason for preferring it, and it is remarkably arrogant of Professor Flew to assume that it is. Until he offers us some more cogent reason for adopting the verification principle, one may be forgiven for continuing to believe in the authenticity of Christ's miracles, even though they rest on no better evidence than does Nelson's victory at Trafalgar.—Yours, etc.,

Leeds, 2

J. F. ASHTON, S.J.

Friendly Plymouth

Sir,—Mr. Ian Nairn's writings are always enjoyable to read. They are rich, provocative, and amusing. It is a pity, however, that many of his observations in his article on Plymouth (THE LISTENER, June 8) stem from wrong information. I am therefore writing to you on points of fact because I would hate to think that your readers should be misinformed.

Royal Parade finishes with the large National Provincial Bank at one end (as Mr. Nairn says) and a group of buildings that can be seen on page 1001 at the other: to call these groups of buildings 'nothing' when he speaks of the focus is past my comprehension. The whole point of the off-centre roundabout is that this achieves a sense of enclosure which would otherwise have been lost.

He refers to a 'similar group' (of Elizabethan houses) in Notte Street, untouched by the blitz, which is due for demolition for road widening. In fact there are no Elizabethan houses in Notte Street—there is a partly original Elizabethan front rebuilt about 1875 and one pseudo-Elizabethan front adjoining it, built about the same time. The building behind these fronts is in fact a Victorian block comprising two shops and eight flatlets for 'artizans'. A similar block which formerly completed the 'Elizabethan' composition was destroyed by enemy action.

He also seems to suggest that Notte Street is almost a cul-de-sac: although this is true at present the road will form the southern part of the ring road in twelve months' time.

The Civic Centre was designed by the City Architect, although Messrs. Jellicoe, Ballantyne and Coleridge are the architects responsible for its execution.

The new Devonport will not be merely a 'polite spread-out housing estate with no local feeling at all'. It will be a compact mixed form of development to a design prepared by the City Architect and myself. It will have sixteen-storey blocks as well as two-storey houses, it will have first-storey playgrounds above podia containing car parking spaces, it will emphasize—indeed have as its centre—the civic group of buildings by Foulston which so pleased Mr. Nairn. It is indeed unique and the Council are aware of this.

I think I know what Mr. Nairn means, but his phrase 'the town really needs more people to balance the industry that is already there' can so easily suggest to your readers that there is too much industry chasing too few people whereas in fact the Council are taking energetic measures to bring industry to Plymouth because of its comparatively high unemployment rate.

Finally—and this is my only expression of opinion—I hold the view that a major city should, at its centre, both look and function like a major city and not a whimsical amusement arcade.—Yours, etc.,

Plymouth

J. ACKROYD

City Engineer and Surveyor

Republicanism in South Africa

Sir,—May I take up one point in Mr. Cilliers's splendidly informative and unbiased account of Republicanism in South Africa (THE LISTENER, May 25), namely the view that whatever government had been in power in South Africa estrangement from the rest of the Commonwealth was inevitable? This surely is a misreading of events and does less than justice to any sense of fair play in the Commonwealth countries. Judging from its leaders' speeches, a United Party government, or one led even by Sauer or Havenga would have left the Coloureds on a roll of voters (even if not the Common Roll), would have repeated Smuts's offer of franchise to the Indians in Natal, and would at least have recognized the existence of an urban African middle-class.

Moreover, there would have been a continued flow of European immigrants, not perhaps on the 1945-48 scale, but sufficient to give a psychological boost to the white population. As it is Nandé's appeals have come far too late. In addition, the struggle of the Afrikaners to preserve political and cultural identity was not one of itself to fall on deaf ears. If the Commonwealth could welcome Makarios, why did it reject Verwoerd?

The answer is not so much in the theory *apartheid* as in the peculiar meaning with which it has been administered. The outrageously bureaucratic oppression of the Pass Laws, the removal of the Coloureds from the Common Roll, not because of their colour nor their culture, which is predominantly Afrikaner, but because they tended to vote for the United Party and were worth six seats to the Nationalists in the Cape, the Treason trial, the case of Hannie Stanton, and finally, Sharpeville, perpetrated not against riotous slum-dwellers, but in a model Verwoerd-planned suburb, all this made Verwoerd and his henchmen impossible. The slow cumulative effect of these measures has been the acceptance by the British Government and people of the exclusion of South Africa from the Commonwealth, even at the price of renewing setback to Boer-British relations, for the dialogue is no longer concerned only these. No other South African government could have achieved this.

All this is not merely academic. The major question remains, what after Verwoerd? Molteno, laager, African revolution, or yet another effort at 'fusion' in the Thielman Roos style of the nineteen-thirties? If this last, then we shall see whether separation was inevitable or not. More probably, the common interests not only between the U.K. and South Africa, but also between India and South Africa will become once more politically effective. A federal Republic associated with, or within the Commonwealth would then seem the obvious development, and indeed, this correspondent, seems the only long-term solution to the problem of Republicanism in South Africa.—Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

W. H. C. FREND

Kenya: the End of the Road

Sir,—It was not my business, as it was clearly Mr. Connell's, to mobilize pity for the settlers in Kenya. (Had I wished to do so, I would have made more of the fact that many British people have a natural sympathy for minorities.) But someone has to tell Mr. Connell that it is possible to sympathize with the victims of thuggery wherever it occurs, without necessarily subscribing to their political ideas and, conversely, should be possible to comment on the political ideas without incurring the charge of callousness.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.19

H. P. DOW

Sickert's Portrait of Zangwill

Sir,—Mr. Michael Ayrton's talk on Sickert's 'Portrait of Israel Zangwill' (THE LISTENER, May 18) raises several questions. Mr. Ayrton suggests that the picture was painted in 1904 'for various reasons'. Without documentary evidence, the case for dating the picture 1904 rests on three assumptions: (1) It has a Venetian background and Sickert himself was in Venice in 1904. (2) It was exhibited that year at the New English Art Club. (3) It can be dated 1904 on stylistic grounds.

Mr. Ayrton is so convinced the picture was painted in Venice that, having found that Zangwill was not there in 1904, he then postulates either that the portrait was painted from memory, using (lost) studies made earlier in London, or that the background of the *Ghe Nuovo* may have been added in Venice to a picture begun elsewhere. Sickert, however, was in Venice in 1895 and in 1901, and J.

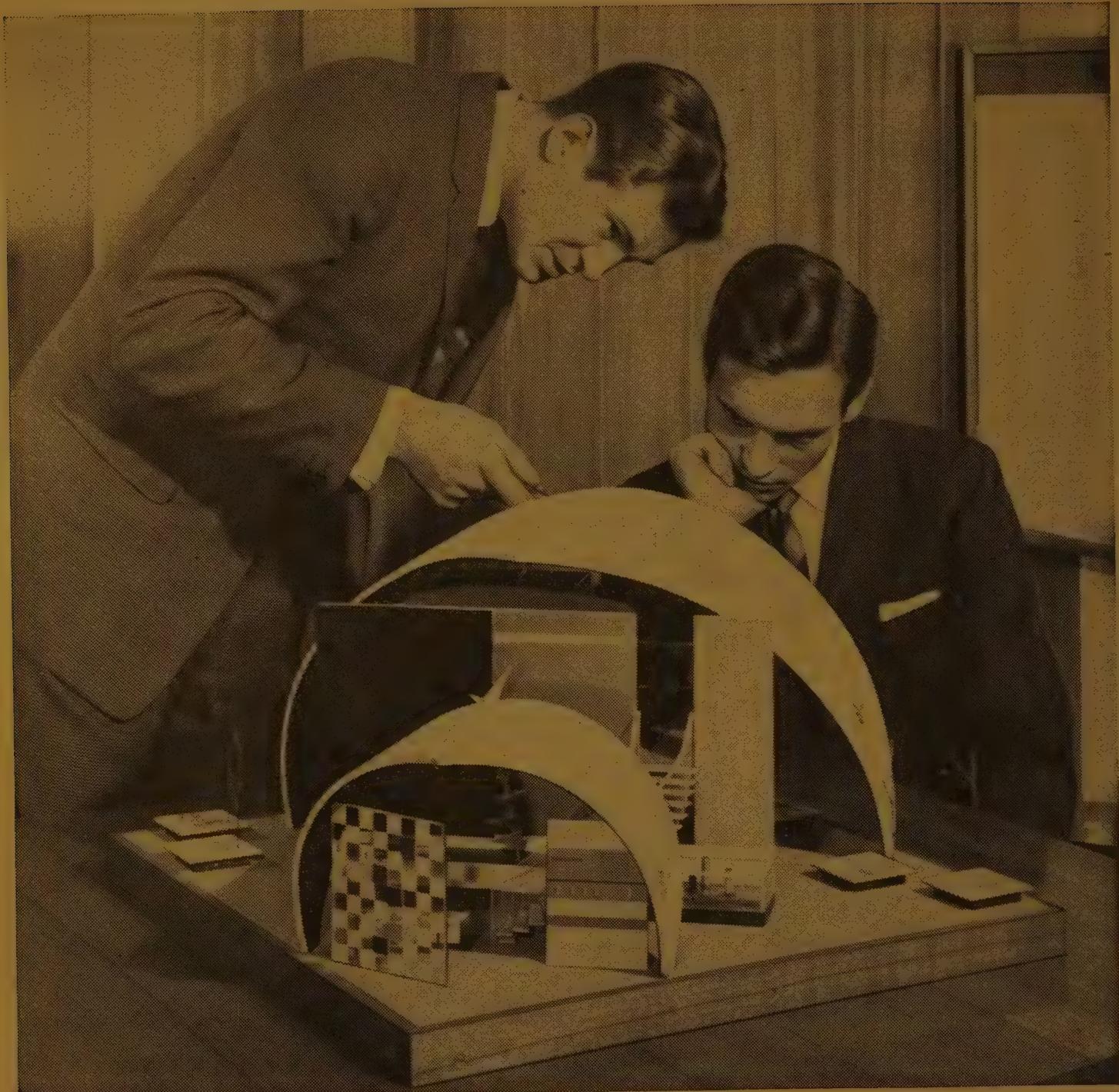


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Manson in an article on Sickert (*Drawing and Design*, volume 3, 1927) wrote: 'The portrait of Zangwill was painted in Venice about 1894, although it was not exhibited at the New English Art Club until 1904.'

If we accept this (reading '1895' for 'about 1894'), the problem would then appear to be: was Zangwill in Venice in 1895? But surely there is a simpler explanation: that the portrait was painted in London in 1897 and the Ghetto background is a memory of Sickert's first visit to Venice in 1895, just as in 1905 he painted in London several portraits of Mrs. Swinton in which he used a more romantic Venetian background. Moreover, the Ghetto background would have greater topical significance in 1897, for by that year Zangwill's literary output had included *Children of the Ghetto*, 1892 (his most popular book), and *Ghetto Tragedies*, 1893, to be followed in 1898 by *Dreamers of the Ghetto*. And the topicality was pinpointed in Sickert's 'Vanity Fair' cartoon of February 25, 1897, where the caption read 'Child of the Ghetto'.

Stylistically, the portrait surely bears no resemblance to the work which Sickert produced in Venice in 1903-4. There, almost without exception, he worked on a grey primed canvas (the 'Zangwill' is a bluish-red, as Mr. Ayrton notes), the tonality of both figure and outdoor paintings is much warmer than this dark, sombre portrait, the brushwork looser and the paint more juicy.

On the genesis of the portrait, Mr. Ayrton writes: 'Sickert was probably the instigator. I rather doubt if Zangwill would have had himself painted at all and especially by an avant-garde artist'. A paragraph in the *Star* of March 5, 1897, however, alludes to Sickert's 'clever sketch of Mr. Zangwill in *Vanity Fair*' and continues: 'Mr. Zangwill is not shy of lending his features to artists. One of the best portraits which has appeared of him was executed by Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, but recently

he has given sittings to Miss Amy Stewart, a very clever young artist who spends a goodly portion of the year in Scotland portrait painting'. It is not impossible then that the writer approached the artist. He was later drawn (if perhaps not painted also?) by William Rothenstein and Alfred Wolmark.

As the *Star* makes no mention of a portrait by Sickert, this would seem to refute Manson's statement that it was painted in Venice about 1894, and strengthens my point that the picture is more likely to have been painted in London in 1897.

One small last point: Sir Louis Ferguson, a friend and patron of Sickert in his Fitzroy Street days, recalled later how he used to see at the famous Saturday afternoon tea-parties the portrait of Zangwill, 'reading the *Westminster Gazette*', and not, as Mr. Ayrton suggests, a book. Perhaps this had a topical significance now lost to us.—Yours, etc.,

Windsor

RONALD PICKVANCE

Composers or Computers?

Sir,—Judging by his letter (*THE LISTENER*, June 1) Mr. Walker still fails to grasp my position in our dispute. Let me elaborate.

From Schönberg's musical practice the idea of serialism gradually emerged in his mind as a method of musical organization. It is possible that he wrote the earlier 'primitive' serial works (Op. 23, Op. 24) without being aware of the technique he was using, though his letter to Nicolas Slonimsky (June 3, 1937) casts considerable doubt on this. But at some point his ideas must have crystallized and he became aware of the full possibilities of this method of composition. It seems impossible to me, if not to Mr. Walker, that the first 'strict' twelve-note works (Op. 25, Op. 26) were composed without Schönberg having the law clearly formulated in his mind. We may all follow laws without being aware of them, as Mr. Walker suggests, but

some of us sometimes decide upon a law first and then follow it, as, for example, the man who decides to write a totally serialized composition.

Mr. Walker asserts that I profess not to know what is meant by predetermination in composition. Somehow he extracts this from my original statement:

The belief that predetermination in composing makes communication more difficult is one which Mr. Walker attributes to me; I am unable to reply until he explains what it means.

I am still unable to reply. What exactly is communicated by music and how is this communication made more difficult by predeterminate composition?

This business of comprehending music, with which Mr. Walker makes great play—indeed he talks of very little else—seems to be the root of his confusion. What, when we talk of comprehending or understanding a piece of music, do we mean apart from (a) we are aurally familiar with it or the type of music of which it is an example, or (b) we have some knowledge of the method of its composition and execution? I have stated what I have found aesthetically unsatisfying about much of the 'new music'. From a consideration of its methods of composition it constitutes 'a step away from art': a computer could do the job just as unsatisfactorily. But my figurative description of what is happening to music is one which I cannot hear or comprehend in the actual music any more than I can in popular music which, for different reasons, is taking the same step.

My basic argument—that predeterminate composers are changing music from an art to an applied science and that they are in danger of being replaced by computers—remains unscathed. Mr. Walker's shafts were not directed at it.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.6

PHILIP LAIRD

[This correspondence is now closed, EDITOR, *THE LISTENER*]

Dr. Nkrumah or Professor Potekhin?

(concluded from page 1030)

It is personality that puts manners above principle, family above self, race above humanity. . . . There is at the heart of it a profound cynicism.

It seems to me that all this may, sometimes and somewhere, be so. The author knows intimately what she is talking about, at least in a part of Africa, and chooses to reject humanistic assumptions about an African renaissance at this point of time. Yet neither she nor anyone else can be sure that emergent Africa will not, as President Sékou Touré has put it, 'develop a modern personality capable of playing a positive role'. Is it therefore wise or constructive to dwell on the evil of African human nature in a magazine which symbolizes the liberalism of the West, even if at the same time the degeneration of European man and European culture is duly acknowledged and stressed?

I cannot help feeling that there is more pragmatic truth in a remark by Karen Blixen who lived in Kenya a generation ago. 'I feel', she writes, 'that the *salon* will be the best meeting place for two different races and that it is for the spirit of the *salon* that we should strive in our relationship'. (It was of Karen Blixen, who is

a Dané, that the Kikuyu among whom she lived said: 'Your tribe is different from those of the other white people. You do not get angry with us as they do, you laugh at us'.) Is it not possible that the chief human and intellectual role of the European is simply to create a relaxed atmosphere? The political *salon* has disappeared from a Europe which has almost ceased to speculate about politics or about the meaning of life. But I think that for this African purpose something of the tradition could be revived, in particular, perhaps, for the clarification of the meaning of African Socialism.

For that, however, we must surely first desist from apocalyptic judgments about African nature and African destinies. As individuals we, the over-thirty-fives, are still a prey to these, perhaps because we incorrigibly project our own weaknesses on Africans. While we ruled, this colonial habit caused 'under-dog' resentment. Now that our respective statuses are equal, it becomes neo-colonialism. The economic neo-colonialism of which Professor Potekhin accuses us is 90 per cent. mythical; the real colonial survival is in the mind.—*Third Programme*

generations, both humility and, it seems, a special kind of sensibility.

These are generalities which hardly even touch on the problem of Afro-European symbiosis. In order to try to illustrate the European psychological predicament in Africa I would like to make a brief comparison of the views of two white Kenyan writers: Elspeth Huxley and Karen Blixen.

Mrs. Huxley has just published, in *Encounter*, a very pessimistic appreciation of the African personality. She writes:

It is personality at once sustained and ruled by spirits who practice no *apartheid* between ghosts and men. Causality arises not from logic but from natural mysteries and from human malignancy. People are judged not by their fruits but by their flowers; not by what they do but what they are. If accepted they are to be followed by uncritical devotion; if rejected they may be spurned and tortured with a frank delight in another's pain. Human life counts . . . only if it enlarges your own family and clan; by itself it has no more value than a rat and an elephant.

In another passage Mrs. Huxley says:

Painting of the Month

Tintoretto's 'Origin of the Milky Way'

By ERIC NEWTON

WE DO NOT READ A PAINTING as we do a poem, adding line to line as the eye travels along, leaving behind it memories in the mind, until we can say that we are in full possession of the poem's thoughts or its moods or the images it contains or the sequence of events it describes. Faced with a painting nothing that could be compared with the act of 'reading' takes place. You might have thought that in the presence of a narrative picture like Tintoretto's 'Origin of the Milky Way'—a picture that is primarily concerned with a 'happening'—our first impulse would be to ask: 'Who are the characters described in it? What are they doing? What dramatic situation dictates their gestures and movements?'

Sensible questions, but they can never be the first questions to ask, for they all involve a time sequence. And whoever asks them and waits for the answer is throwing away the most precious gift that a great work of visual art has to offer. He is treating a painting as though it were a story—to be read. Tintoretto's picture does tell a story. But before being read it must be seen, otherwise we shall never know its real flavour. That can only be tasted at the first split-second encounter.

We are wandering through the Venetian Room in the National Gallery, unprejudiced, empty-minded, but willing to be arrested by whatever is capable of arresting us. In that mood we no more ask questions of the pictures that we meet than we question a sunrise or the view from a peak in Darien. We walk silently, and the silence is filled with sensations to which we can give only the vaguest names—words like 'serenity' or 'opulence' or 'tumult' or 'bitterness'. Those sensations occupy us like invading armies. Only when the first shock has begun to fade are we ready to ask questions like: 'Who or what is serene or opulent? And by what means are ideas about serenity and opulence communicated by the picture to me?'

We have paused in front of Tintoretto's picture. This is what I have called the 'peak-in-Darien' moment in which we ask no questions. That moment may last only for a second or two, but it is crucial. We are conscious of two simultaneous and equally potent sensations whose names, if we can be bothered with mere words, are 'energy' and 'luminosity', or 'radiance' if you like. And it is worth noting that it is a sign of Tintoretto's personal genius that he can combine the two. For radiance one thinks of as connected with lethargy and indolent enjoyment. While energy somehow contradicts such notions. How remarkable, we think, while the picture's impact is still fresh, that any artist could have fused together such contradictory moods as indolence and movement.

The immense energy conveyed by the wildly extended limbs of the naked goddess (for we know instinctively that she is no mortal woman) and the other figure sweeping down from the

sky on the right—all this is too obvious to need comment. But the radiance is more subtly achieved. Light of an unusual warmth pervades the picture—the light of midsummer playing fitfully, in disconnected flashes, on the arm, the forehead, the thighs of the woman, on the white sheet and pillow, on the flying cupids and the airborne figure, on the looped-up curtain on the left. Anything approaching darkness is confined to the lower portions of the picture where the earth lies sleeping below us. We are up in the clouds: everything is airborne. Even the bed from which our goddess has just been roused rests on layers of cloud.

But once our peak-in-Darien moment has passed, it would be absurd not to ask what this picture is 'about'. Tintoretto is one of the great masters of painted narrative, and it would be both churlish and unintelligent not to listen to what he has to say. At this point it is only fair to him to tell you that the picture he painted is not quite the one that we are looking at. At some moment in the past it has been seriously amputated at the base. The sleeping earth below the clouds was once part of it. A drawing in the Accademia in Venice—not a very good drawing, certainly not by Tintoretto, almost

certainly not by his son, Domenico, in spite of the signature, but surely by some competent artist who had seen the picture before amputation—shows us just how much has been removed, and it also shows us how much of the story has been left untold by the painting as we see it today.

The story—it has been traced by Miss Mandowski to its source in an old Byzantine legend—is a variant of the group of Greek myths that centre round Zeus, Heracles, and Hera. Alcmene, seduced by Zeus disguised as her husband, Amphitryon, had given birth to the infant Heracles. Zeus, anxious that his son should be given more than mortal power by being suckled by a goddess, sent his messenger, Hermes, with the child in his arms to the bed of Hera, his official wife. Hera, or let us call her by her Roman name, Juno, roused from her sleep by this sudden arrival, and furious with jealousy, leaps from her bed, while the milk from her breasts, exploding upwards into the sky, is transformed into the stars of the Milky Way, and falling downwards on to the earth produces a garden of lilies.

A story so confused is hardly capable of explicit translation into paint. Narrative paint-



'The Origin of the Milky Way', by Tintoretto: in the National Gallery, London

ing, though it can build up a vivid visual account of an event, is at a disadvantage when it attempts to explain the drama behind a situation. No painting can describe intrigue or jealousy. Even Hogarth had to paint his pictures in series in order to make the plots of his stories clear, and Hogarth was an exceptionally gifted teller of stories.

A Story in Visual Language

Tintoretto's approach to narrative painting was more profound than Hogarth's. He, more than any other artist I can think of, went to the heart of the matter by extracting the essence of his story and translating it into purely visual language. Again and again, in his great compositions, his mind seizes on that essence. In his 'Annunciation' in San Rocco, it is the wild onrush across the canvas of the Angel Gabriel with his attendants that is the real subject of the picture. In his 'Bacchus and Ariadne' in the Ducal Palace in Venice it is the circle of three human figures gently revolving, like a wheel, round the joined hands of the bride and the bridegroom. In 'The Origin of the Milky Way' it is, quite simply, the idea of explosion. Every line, every form, every sequence of forms, radiates wildly outwards from an imaginary centre. The movement begins in the outflung arms and legs of Juno herself, roused into startled activity by the unexpected irruption of the infant Heracles. The same centrifugal force radiates outwards throughout the picture. The flying figure of Hermes—or Mercury, if we are going to use Roman names—carries us outwards (even though he is, in fact, moving inwards) to the top right-hand corner of the picture. The eye is pulled down to the bottom right-hand corner by the flying cherub and Juno's two attendant peacocks. On the left, at the bottom, another cherub drags us downwards, though this time the amputation of the picture has sliced the creature off at the waist and weakened the explosive effect. The whole axis of Juno's body leads diagonally upwards to the top left-hand corner.

You may think that to treat so human a picture as a mere diagram of the mathematics of explosion is a pedantic approach to a work of art. And so it would be if I were to say no more. Yet since Tintoretto has decided that explosion is the most effective—and indeed the only—method of telling his story, I would be doing him less than justice if I did not begin by drawing your attention to that aspect—the mathematical aspect—of the painting. But behind the mathematics lie the deeper levels which do not depend on decisions at all but which are the instinctive expressions of Tintoretto's own personal temperament. And here we come back to our peak-in-Darien moment when we suddenly became conscious of this fusion of radiance and energy and began to wonder how the two could be combined without seeming to contradict each other.

Tintoretto's Beginnings as an Artist

Tintoretto was a Venetian, born at the very moment when Titian was at the height of his powers and when everyone in Venice regarded his genius as one that could never be surpassed. Tintoretto's earliest biographer, Carlo Ridolfi, tells us that he was sent as a pupil to Titian's studio while he was still a boy in his teens, and that Titian expelled him after ten days' tuition

in a fit of jealousy. I believe Ridolfi about the expulsion: I don't believe him about the jealousy. But the vital point of the story is that the young Tintoretto found himself, at an age when everything depended on a sound studio training, 'without a master', as Ridolfi puts it.

The result was decisive. He had to invent his own methods—and very extraordinary and original they are, as Ridolfi describes them. Briefly, they were based on drawings made from smallish architectural models in which he placed wax figures made by himself and illuminated by artificial light.

The only surviving drawing of this kind is of the painting of 'Venus and Vulcan' in the Munich Alte Pinakothek. Here we can *really* watch Tintoretto at work. I wish I had time to describe his use of them in fuller detail. But the point is that one could call him the first self-taught artist. And Ridolfi tells us that, once he had established himself in his own studio, he inscribed over the door a motto: 'The colour of Titian and the drawing of Michelangelo'. It is a risky motto, for artists who set out to combine the virtues of their predecessors are apt to fall between two stools—especially when the stools are as far apart as those of Michelangelo, the greatest of all Florentine artists, and Titian, the typical Venetian.

The Florentine and Venetian Schools

The Florentine School was virile, intellectual, and full of structural and muscular tensions: while Venice tended to be colourful, lyrical, sensuous, and developed a feminine ideal. To combine those two might have seemed an impossible programme, yet in this picture Tintoretto did come near to a fusion between the energy of Michelangelo and the radiance of Titian. And in doing so he produced not merely an addition of two moods but something entirely new. For what I have called a fusion is very different from an addition, just as, in the language of chemistry, there is a difference between a mechanical mixture and a chemical compound.

Take, for example, Tintoretto's attitude to the naked-human body, and especially the Venetian version of the female body that had been evolved by Titian. Titian's women are conscious of their beauty and that consciousness invariably involves the notion of desirability. They ask for our admiration. The erotic overtones in a mythology by Titian, sometimes frankly stated, sometimes elusive, are always there. In Tintoretto they do not exist even when they might be appropriate.

Compare, for example, the only figure in a great Titian that has the same wild abandon as Tintoretto's Juno—the figure of Europa in the Boston picture sprawling helplessly across the back of the bull who carries her across the Hellespont. She strikes us at once as beautiful and vulnerable: she is a pin-up girl. And when one thinks of all the great masters who have tackled the theme of feminine beauty, one realizes that their women somehow detach themselves from their surroundings. Rubens achieves this emphasis by a special density and texture, Renoir by a special glow, El Greco by denying its humanity, Botticelli by refusing to give it amplitude. No one but Tintoretto has taken it, emotionally, in his stride, without diminishing its importance. His Juno neither wants nor attracts our admiration. She belongs to the sun, the open air, and the wind—in fact to the Golden Age of mankind. She is as full of latent

muscular power as any of Michelangelo's figures. And even though, as a conscientious scholar of Greek symbolism, Tintoretto has introduced erotic symbols—the bow and arrow of Eros, the deceptive net, the torch, the luxurious bed, yet the erotic mood is absent.

Frankly Pagan Mood

This is Tintoretto in his bluest, his most optimistic, his most frankly pagan mood. Those who know his paintings in the Scuola of San Rocco in Venice will have discovered another Tintoretto, the interpreter of New Testament tragedy, full of dark overtones, full of mystery. The pagan Tintoretto can meet Titian on his own ground and sometimes outpaint him, for he has a greater mastery of the problems of space and the impact of light. The Christian Tintoretto has no rival in his own field, but outside Venice he can hardly be studied: for his tragic pictures were not superficially attractive enough to be exportable.

It is worth discussing in detail the probable date of 'The Origin of the Milky Way'. Tintoretto was born in 1518, painted his first great masterpiece in 1548, and died in 1594. The picture is not documented, and it is difficult to date any particular Tintoretto on the evidence of style, for his style did not develop with age and experience as so often happens with artists. The only internal evidence—the hair-dressing of Juno—shows that it belongs to a period when he was painting other radiant mythologies. A probable date would be 1576, when he was nearly sixty years old.

In one other important respect the painting as we see it today differs from the picture Tintoretto painted just under four hundred years ago. I have said that the Venetian School was, in general, colourful and sensuous. Tintoretto had absorbed in his youth this aspect of the Venetian tradition, and if we could see the 'Milky Way' today as it was when it left Tintoretto's studio, I think it would stand out as the most opulently colourful in the whole gallery—with the possible exception of Titian's 'Bacchus and Ariadne'.

Dimmed Splendour

Alas, time, discoloured varnish, and clumsy restoration under the varnish have dimmed its original splendour, and its restoration, though not impossible, would now be a major operation. Once it must have been a dazzling harmony of white and sunlit flesh, and one day, doubtless, it will be so again when the Gallery's restorers get round to it. Today it is still splendid but the eye has to penetrate, imaginatively, through the varnish to where the breasts of the peacocks glow with iridescent greens and blues and the golden light saturates the clouds. When Tintoretto reverted, as all Venetians did at one time or another, to the Golden Age of Paganism, it was Titian, not Michelangelo, who was uppermost in his heart. And here, surely, is a case where, if the picture were cleaned, we would realize that he outpainted Titian himself. Inevitably the darkened varnish on the picture's surface sets a barrier between us and the man who painted it. One ought not to have to look at jewels through smoked glass.—*Home Service*

Who Is Hilliard, What Is He?

By DAVID PIPER

NICHOLAS HILLIARD was born, in a successful goldsmith's family, in Exeter, in 1547, and apprenticed (as goldsmith, though he had already painted some very professional miniatures) to Robert Brandon in London in 1562. Made Freeman of the Goldsmiths'

Company after the regulation seven years, in 1569, he was immediately successful. By the time he was twenty-five, Elizabeth herself had sat to him; he married the daughter of his former master, Brandon, spent two years in France (where he worked for top people, including Alençon, and knew Ronsard), and after his return in 1578, became the leading miniaturist in England, with apparently a monopoly on portraits in small of the Queen, and patronized by everybody who mattered at court.

He worked for both Cecils, William and Robert; he worked likewise for Leicester and for Essex; he knew Sidney and probably painted him; he painted Mary, Queen of Scots, Drake, Raleigh; he painted Hatton, the Northumerlands, Bacon, Southampton (though, like everyone else, he missed Shakespeare as far as we know—but he painted Donne and was celebrated by him). He designed seals and medals for the Queen, and wrote the only treatise on art in England of abiding interest from the sixteenth century.

After Elizabeth's death, he continued in James's favour, even if his private clientele seems to have fallen off somewhat before his death in 1619. He was excessively handsome, was prodigal with children and incompetent with money in a generous way. He was interested in gold ventures and apparently practised in alchemy; once, he was imprisoned. And he is the only English-born artist (except, perhaps, his pupil, Isaac Oliver) of the sixteenth century whose name is known outside specialist circles; he is collected in Holland, Scandinavia, and America; his name is even known in Paris and in Rome.

It is therefore almost incredible that Erna Auerbach's book* is the first full-length study of him to appear; but so it is, and this is a time for celebration and honour not only for Hilliard but for the author, who has had the stamina and the devotion to produce him. But let me first indicate the limitations of her work, that I may end with its virtues. One of them springs from her devotion to her subject; she cannot let it be. Thus between catalogue and text there is

undue repetition, and stubbornly she will attempt (and, inevitably, fail) to paint with words what Hilliard, in the reproduction alongside, has demonstrated in paint with final clarity. In the catalogue itself she has not a firm grasp on one of the first duties of cataloguers

—to state when and where each object is first certainly recorded.

And while, in the chapter particularly on Hilliard's writing, she follows Mr. Pope-

Hennessy in demonstrating the artist's awareness of and relation to European

Mannerist theory and practice, she passes another branch of scholarship by on one side with scarcely a nod. You would

never guess from this book that there are scholars at work examining the imagery of court allegory and symbolism, the conventions of tournament and pageantry, all of fundamental relevance to the quality of Hilliard's imagination (Miss Frances Yates, the inspirer of this school, does not even figure in the bibliography).

Who is Hilliard, what is he? If the book does not present a magisterial and fully rounded assessment of Hilliard's uniqueness, its great virtue and achievement is to give the physical, anatomical answer to the question.

Collating recent scattered research by various scholars, and adding very valuable detail gleaned from her own wide-ranging experience of archival sources, the author has produced what will remain for many years the standard biographical account. So too for the essential body of the actual work; this is based inevitably on the 1947 Hilliard exhibition and Mr. Graham Reynolds's remarkable catalogue of it, but adds to no mean extent, and consolidates.

More Hilliards will appear, of course (and have done so, since this book went to press—miniatures are excitingly if maddeningly elusive, liable to lurk for generations in a drawer), but the essential evidence for

Hilliard's style, development and scope is here set out in excellent illustrations incorporated with the text. It seems unlikely that any further discoveries will reveal any aspect not represented in the work already known. Even should it become possible to attribute one of the many known oil-paintings to him with certainty (we know from documents that he made them), this will not much enlarge his artistic personality, since none of the known paintings in his manner are of quite comparable quality to the best miniatures. Dr. Auerbach has a useful section on the work of Hilliard's followers, both in miniatures and in oils, and another on the vital and under-investigated problem of his relationship to the art of the goldsmith. *His Arte of Limning* (though it is a pity that this short and now almost unobtainable statement was not reprinted in entirety) is analysed at some length.

With this book in hand, an invaluable tool future scholars can address themselves to wider problems, such as the nature of Hilliard's art in context with Elizabethan literature and decoration and symbolic imagery, in that temper of mind which elaborated the 'conceit', the quality of the 'most artificial' praised by Sir Thomas Hoby in *Bidon*. I reproduce two miniatures from the book. The lady is one of the finest, and finest preserved, examples of his unique power of collating schematic design with human individuality. The man is more characteristic of the Hilliard that might pop up in a country antique shop, not quite perfect in condition, a little faded. But still, what an object!

Free from all filthie fraude; the motto swam through the azure of 1581 about the fifty-one-year-old's head. His face, blooming on its crisp white ruff, may not seem to confirm it. He looks you not square in the eye, slightly glazed with hauteur and melancholy. His eyelid curves across the iris, clean and potent as a gull's wing.

Has he just been accused of profiting from fits-tax evasion? There is a flower on his breast (pansy—not identified by Dr. Auerbach, but it should have been; it means something). Is the picture a token of late love?

O God! from you that I could profit be!

Give me myself and take yourself again.

Who is he? Sir George Carey, by tradition, but doubtfully. No matter, he is a Hilliard miniature, and though slightly smudged by time, living enigma still.

—and a man thought to be Sir George Carey (1581), in the collection of the Duke of Buccleuch

*Nicholas Hilliard, Routledge & Kegan Paul, £6 6s.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The New Cambridge Modern History V
The Ascendancy of France, 1648-1688.
Edited by F. L. Carsten. Cambridge. 40s.

Reviewed by MAURICE ASHLEY

ONLY THE CONSCIENTIOUS reviewer or hard-working undergraduate can be expected to read this latest volume of the New Cambridge Modern History from cover to cover. The dates are misleading, since for Britain and France the narrative begins about 1660 when King Charles II was restored to the throne and King Louis XIV was about to take over the personal government of his country from his foster father, Cardinal Mazarin. For the Puritan revolution and the wars of the Fronde reference must be made to volume IV, still to be published. This volume opens with eight chapters of a general character of which the best—on 'the Social Foundation of States'—is by the General Editor of the series, Sir George Clark. Then follow nine chapters on the nations of the West and their contacts outside Europe. The last eight chapters cover Eastern Europe, including one on the Habsburg Lands by the late Professor Betts, a devoted scholar whose loss is widely regretted. The chapter on political thought comes from the pen of Professor Skalweit of the University of Saarbrücken who is naturally more concerned with Pufendorf and Leibniz than with Hobbes and Locke—but then Locke no doubt belongs to the next volume in this academic serial story. The article on France, on the other hand, surprisingly emerges from the University of Durham and it is excellent. Professor Loch draws attention to the economic depressions in the France of the Sun King and to the hidden discontent that was engendered.

But when all just praise has been given to this competent work of reference (less useful than its predecessor in that the bibliographies are to be published separately) one wonders what it has to offer in comparison with the latest work about the separate subjects which it comprises; after all, one can claim rebate on income tax against works of reference. If it had all been written by one author it might perhaps have made a readable volume, even allowing for its eccentricities in dating. But no university scholar would dare attempt such a thing, for he would know that his colleagues would fall on him, brandishing knives. Look what happened to H. A. L. Fisher's *History of Europe* and Dr. Toynbee's *Study of History*. These books were devoured by an educated public, but largely condemned in learned journals or by specialist historians. So the notion that the only way of producing a historical conspectus is to herd the scholars of Europe together into a pen and give them each so many pages to write finds continued acceptance. But what would we not give for a general history written by the General Editor, which Sir George Clark in his younger days showed himself entirely capable of producing when he wrote his own fine book on *The Seventeenth Century*? David Ogg, another veteran contributor to this volume, also

showed he could do the trick, and his book on seventeenth-century Europe is both individual and strikingly successful.

One appreciates the difficult task that the editor of this particular volume was set, and it would be impertinent to disparage his labours. Yet one feels that his brief introduction is cliché-ridden and fails to pull together the chapters that follow, which must inevitably be disparate in quality and varied in their approaches. As Harold Ross remarked, authors (and this applies even to historians) are two a penny, but give me a good editor.

Byron: A Critical Study. By Andrew Rutherford. Oliver and Boyd. 25s.

For the last twenty-five years or so critics and reviewers have been telling us that we should pay more attention to Byron's poetry and less to his life. In spite of this the Byron legend has continued to expand and the study of Byron's poetry to receive only the smallest of accessions. Mr. Rutherford's book is just what it professes to be—an examination of the poetry, with only the unavoidable minimum of biographical reference. It is a straightforward, sensible and scholarly piece of work; and it says perhaps all that needs to be said. Byron's poetry has not the kind of density that demands extended commentary. Although there has not been much formal criticism there is in fact a fairly general agreement about Byron's work. It is generally felt that the romantic tales are beyond resuscitation, that the *persona* of Childe Harold is unsatisfactory, and that Byron really found himself in the *ottava rima* satires of his later years—*Beppo*, *Don Juan*, and *The Vision of Judgment*. And this is pretty well what Mr. Rutherford has to say; his distinction is that these rather easily held judgments are well worked out and substantiated. We are shown the process by which Byron invented a false mask for himself, discarded it, rather uncertainly, and then—not so much discovered his true one as learnt to write without a mask at all, to write from his total personality, including the mocking man-of-the-world as well as the romantic exile.

In rejecting the romantic Byron and retaining the satirist we have to accept Byron as he is. Mr. Rutherford is both outspoken and judicious in presenting Byron as he is. He shows, for instance, that beneath the brilliance and gusto of *Don Juan* there are still some radical uncertainties of tone and intention; that besides the enthusiasm for liberty there lingered a very considerable affection for aristocratic forms of government and society. And he pays Byron the compliment of judging him by a high standard of consistency and integrity, showing plainly how much of his work can withstand this scrutiny. Since there was not a little of the negligent dandy and something of the Corinthian tough in Byron's poetic personality it is not surprising that there should be shortcomings, even in his greatest work. It is better to admit them than to let Byron slip into some sort of poetic House of Lords without examining his real credentials.

I doubt myself whether the formless and unfinished state of *Don Juan* is really a defect, as Mr. Rutherford says it is. The Italian comic-romantic epic, the ultimate source of *Don Juan*, is generally an incomplete affair; and the open-ended, informal plan may be better suited to this kind of thing than Aristotelian rigour. As for the shifts of tone, the intrusive cynicisms—they are sometimes brilliant, and sometimes, as Mr. Rutherford suggests, merely vulgar. Yet it can be argued that if Byron had been a man of more consistently sensitive taste he might have been a worse poet. The picture of a mind and heart in unaffected and capricious undress is really the making of *Don Juan*. But to pursue this line of thought would bring us back to the Byron personality and the Byron legend, which Mr. Rutherford has very properly determined to avoid. As it is, we have a welcome and serious study of Byron purely as a poet.

GRAHAM HOUGH

A Short History of the Labour Party
By Henry Pelling. Macmillan. 21s.

Mr. Pelling's latest book is another brief introduction (it is only 135 pages long) to a large subject, on which he is a leading authority. It might be described as an institutional history, stressing the Labour Party in Parliament, its electoral fortunes, the changes in its constitution, the main issues it has faced. Apart from a few interesting extracts from letters (e.g., one from Hardie in 1908) there is very little which is recounted in detail, and it is hard to see what purpose the book serves which is not already served better by G. D. H. Cole's histories or Francis Williams's *Fifty Years' March*, though the latter virtually ends in 1931; Mr. Pelling's chapter on 'Dissension and Decline (1950-1960)' covers less well-trodden ground competently and impartially.

Mr. Pelling hews closely to his line, the Labour Party. Yet it is difficult to capture the spirit of the party's history if one largely passes by the historical background and the other branches of the Labour movement, particularly the I.L.P. It is true that Mr. Pelling rightly stresses the importance of the trades unions in the party, but even this theme is not developed in any detail, except in relation to the influence of Ernest Bevin and the unions after 1931; and this in turn leads to a serious under-playing of the divisions over policy (for example, the whole question whether socialism could be achieved by purely constitutional means) and the influence of the Socialist League. Typical of Mr. Pelling's brevity is a sentence on Labour's failure in the 1959 election: 'Was the Labour Party, with its "class" basis and its close ties with the unions, obsolete in the new Britain?' One might have expected some elaboration of this theme, if only with reference to last year's important study by Mark Abrams and others, *Must Labour Lose?* (Penguin Books).

There are other serious omissions: of the role and character of the Annual Conference, of the important decisions about future policy, especially concerning nationalisation, taken at

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Advance, trend, and be recognised

THERE ARE two common ways of looking at history, and both of them oversimplify. The first sees it as though it were all favourites and mistresses, Bad Kings and surfeits. The other sees only trends and movements: the characters are the price of corn, adult suffrage and double entry book-keeping. Neither gives human beings their proper dignity and importance.

In dealing with the history that is being made today, newspapers often seem to be parodying one or other of these approaches.

One of the things I like about The Observer is the nice balance it strikes—and helps me strike. For the people who write for it, impersonal forces take their proper place as tools to help understanding, not final explanations. These writers have a knack of stripping off the slogans to show trends for what they really are—the sum of countless acts of individual responsibility. They know that to understand the world is necessary to understand people, and some people more than others—but in terms a little more profound than who's escorting whom.

Human faces

Hence, among other things, The Observer Profile—a weekly portrait, every phrase as telling as a Cezanne brush stroke of somebody who matters in some way, whether it's President Kekkonen or Danny Blanchflower.

Hence, too, Mammon's column "Something in the City", in which you meet the men behind the merger, and bulls and bears assume human face. As far as I know, Mammon was the first in this country to use the techniques of skilled journalism to penetrate the traditional anonymity of business. The results are fascinating.

In much the same way, "A London Diary" persuades me that Politics after all worth paying attention to. And you will find other examples wherever you open The Observer. Why not try this Sunday? J.B.

the 1934 Conference at Southport and embodied in *For Socialism and Peace*, of details of the party's successive programmes and of its ideas of socialism. Most serious is the absence of any attempt to depict the character and personality of any of Labour's leaders (except, very briefly, MacDonald), and this in a party in which, as the author admits (page 125), 'the power of individual personality in practice still counts for a great deal'. In addition, there are certain errors: the meeting at which the Labour Representation Committee was formed was held in Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, not Farringdon Hall; the *Jolly Roger* should be the *Jolly George*; the I.L.P.'s policy, *Socialism in Our Time*, dates from 1926 rather than 1927; the Peace Ballot was not sponsored by the League of Nations Union; guild socialism had several other authors beside Cole. Against these one must set the useful tables of party membership and election results and the brief but suggestive references for further reading. Perhaps Mr. Pelling, having constructed his skeleton, will now put flesh upon it. A lively and thoughtful history of the Labour Party, especially since 1945, where Cole largely ended his task, would deserve a warm welcome.

C. L. MOWAT

The Faces of Justice. By Sybille Bedford. Collins. 21s.

A strange characteristic of English lawyers is their ignorance of foreign legal systems. They see no reason why they should study them. This is a pity, for while foreign systems, as this book shows, have many features which would with good reason shock them, other features might help them in facing their administrative problems.

Unlike the massive *History of Continental Criminal Law* by von Bar and others, or the shorter and excellent *Courts and Judges in France, Germany and England* by the late Sir Robert Ensor, this book is easy to read. In style it is scrappy and almost flippant. The short chapter on Austria almost reads like a script for the *Crazy Gang*.

Seventy pages are devoted to English methods. These contain some criticism, though it is regrettable that the statement that the author saw 'half a dozen policemen' present at a Domestic Sitting of a London Magistrate's Court passes without adverse comment. They should have no part in these proceedings.

The best part of the book is in the 92 pages describing the courts of West Germany. Those who have read the recent Streatfeild report on delays before trial will be interested in the statements that delays of 'eight months to a year are standard' and that 'it may take two years, three years' before trial. In German summary courts the pace is much slower than in our courts, but at least times are fixed for the cases.

The account of the Swiss systems, both cantonal and federal, is highly interesting. In the cantonal courts there is a prejudice against lawyers. Mrs. Bedford found that in Bâle the law 'is felt to be something that can be administered by any able-minded man of good repute'. In some cantons even judges need not be lawyers. They are popularly elected for a definite term. The Swiss criminal law used to be cantonal, just as to this day in the United States most of it is State law. But in 1942 a federal system was substituted. Reading this

valuable account of conditions in Switzerland one is often reminded of the system existing in the State and federal courts in America.

It is a pity that Mrs. Bedford chose for her account of a State trial in France one that involved murders and disorders by Algerians during the present crisis, for it may be that some of the ugly features that she saw were due to political conditions. It would have been better to have selected an ordinary trial that was free from such factors. The account given of French summary justice is extremely interesting, but it is likely to confirm the prejudices of English lawyers, should any be moved to read this book, that 'British Justice is the envy of the world', a phrase often heard when English lawyers gather together, but one that is completely at variance with the impressions of this reviewer after many contacts with Continental lawyers.

CLAUD MULLINS

Themes and Variations in Shakespeare's Sonnets. By J. B. Leishman. Hutchinson. 35s.

The strict honesty of Mr. Leishman's title cuts off at once a number of illegitimate expectations, and warns us that this is not a comprehensive assessment of the whole collection. It deals especially with three groups: sonnets about Shakespeare's own poetry; sonnets containing personifications or metaphorical descriptions of Time, Youth, Beauty, etc.; and sonnets employing 'hyperbolical' or 'religious' expressions of Shakespeare's love. Parallels and sources receive considerable attention, not merely for their own sakes but to show by comparison the precise quality, and often the uniqueness, of Shakespeare's handling of these themes. Thus the first section explores the treatment of poetry as immortalization through the Roman poets, Petrarch, Tasso, Ronsard, and the other Elizabethans, while the second does the same, less systematically, for the ideas of 'devouring time' and 'fading beauty'. There is no continuously unfolding argument and the three sections read almost like three separate studies.

The occasion of the sonnets and their possible biographical significance are dismissed very briefly in an introduction. Mr. Leishman accepts in the main the Quarto's arrangement: he thinks the composition of the sonnets may have extended over ten years, but he dates them later than most scholars, taking the 'mortal moon' passage as referring to the death of Queen Elizabeth I and finding elsewhere a possible allusion to the Gunpowder Plot. His candidate for 'Mr. W.H.' is William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. These are matters with which he claims to be only incidentally concerned, though in fact some of his critical points—comparisons with the mature tragedies down to *Antony and Cleopatra*, for instance—seem to be not unconnected with his theories of dating.

One rather curious feature is the frequent alternation between long passages of solid scholarship and brief critical discussions of a very general and speculative kind expressing highly personal and controversial opinions. We find an interesting page on the generalized nature of the love which Shakespeare celebrates ending in a somewhat wilful comparison with Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Or again there is the emphasis (partly derived from Mr. Aldous Huxley) on the 'one-sided intensity of the

sonnets and great tragedies', their alleged ignoring of complementary attitudes or any kind of 'reconciliation'. Similarly the discussion of 'hyperbole' begins by being refreshingly disrespectful to Puttenham and the rhetoricians, and then offers us a rather naively romantic Shakespeare who, it is argued, could not possibly have had the slightest reservations about Othello.

On the whole Mr. Leishman finds less ambiguity and complexity in the sonnets than other modern critics, both in technique and in the attitude to the friend, though this is perhaps partly a matter of the groups selected. He throws out incidentally some pertinent criticisms of detail, but one misses that close consideration of shifts of tone and feeling which would give more depth and conviction to his discussion of themes and their handling. He makes the surprising statement that only very occasionally in the sonnets do we find Shakespeare 'struggling with himself'. Mr. Leishman does not discuss the view, strongly argued by some modern critics, that love's conquest of time in the sonnets is still to a great extent a matter of assertion, while most of the poetic force lies in the urgent realization of time's power, and that it is only after working through the experience of the tragedies that Shakespeare can give fully convincing weight to such affirmation.

Nevertheless, if what emerges from the book as a whole is something less than a fully satisfying account, even of the selected groups and themes, its widely ranging critical judgments constantly send us back to the text for re-appraisal, and it contains a great deal of scholarly information which will be of continuing use to other critics.

R. G. COX

The Life of Thomas Becket. Edited by G. Greenaway. The Folio Society. 23s. 6d.

This volume, published for the members of a bibliophile society, deserves to be widely known as a work of translation that has been long overdue. The controversy between Henry II and Archbishop Thomas, which ended in 1170 with murder in the cathedral, is one of the few episodes in medieval English history that are familiar to most English children, taking rank with the battle of Hastings and Magna Carta. It is also a controversy which still divides the sympathies, not to say the passions, of historians and their readers. Perhaps, for this very reason, it has never received definitive treatment and, what is more strange, St. Thomas, the most admired saint of the medieval world, still lacks an adequate biography. It is not that materials are wanting. At least ten contemporary or quasi-contemporary Lives exist, together with a voluminous collection of letters and manifestoes, and the critical and other problems presented by this vast dossier may have done much to daunt prospective biographers.

Among these Lives one stands out by reason of its literary excellence and vivid reporting; it is that by William FitzStephen, an otherwise unfamiliar clerk of the archbishop who was his companion for many years and a witness of the final scenes at Canterbury. FitzStephen's Life is outstanding in an age of great biographies—of Anselm, of Bernard, and of Abbot Samson among others—and it is also a social document of great interest, the work of a man familiar with both the London of Richard FitzNeal and

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the Europe of John of Salisbury, and it is strange that it has never appeared in one of the many series of translations of medieval classics. Mr. Greenaway, who recently Englished parts of it for a volume of *English Historical Documents*, now uses it as the main source for a narrative of Thomas's life, eking it out with passages from other Lives, notably that of Herbert of Bosham. The reader is thus given a contemporary narrative which makes, it need scarcely be said, an enthralling and dramatic

story. The Life is prefaced by a short but remarkably able historical introduction, and there are useful notes, though we may have it against Mr. Greenaway for casting doubt upon the thunderstorm after the murder. Thunderstorms do occur in December—the present writer vividly remembers one in which fragments of stone were hurled about his ears—and are sometimes very aptly timed, as witness that which raged during the proclamation of papal infallibility in 1870.

The volume has several excellent reproductions of scenes in the life of Becket from an early thirteenth-century manuscript. The only criticism of the book is made from a fear lest the good should become enemy of the best. It would be regrettable if it delayed the publication of the full text of FitzStephen's Life, with notes and translation, in what would seem to be an ideal format as one of Nelson's *Medieval Classics*.

DAVID KNOWLES

New Novels

A Severed Head. By Iris Murdoch. Chatto and Windus. 18s.
The Tree and the Vine. By Dola de Jong. John Calder. 15s.
The Sun in the Morning. By Jim Hunter. Faber. 18s.
The Desperadoes. By Stan Barstow. Michael Joseph. 16s.

THIS FORTNIGHT'S novels divide themselves fairly evenly between the more exotic vices, like lesbianism and incest, and the genial patter of orthodox sin. First, then, the new Iris Murdoch: I couldn't help being surprised when, in a recent broadcast of *Panorama*, it turned out that Miss Murdoch was the darling of the departments of English literature in the Soviet Union. Her latest effort is hardly likely to enhance her reputation there, since it is entirely devoted to the bourgeois vices of a bourgeois world. The plot is as complicated as the complement of six characters will allow, far too complicated to attempt to outline here. It can only be summed up as an exquisitely formal game of unmusical beds in which adultery is accepted as the norm and incest is thrown in for good measure.

The characters are, as one would expect, entirely convincing, and Miss Murdoch manages to adopt a suitably masculine tone of voice for her narrator, who is a man. (But why do none of Miss Murdoch's men ever shave?) From among the six characters she studies intensively it is difficult to pick one as the centre of interest. All are equally at the heart of the matter and all seem to spend most of their time in bed together. My own favourite was Alexander, the narrator's brother, a sculptor who actually gives the impression of doing some work in between bouts of becoming engaged to the narrator's mistress and running off with his wife. But others might prefer Georgie, the mistress herself, who goes to bed with all three of the male protagonists and suffers from an attack of attempted suicide. One glaring weakness must be noted. No psycho-analyst could get away with seducing two of his patients, not to mention his sister, and survive professionally. I certainly hope that the Russians do not take such conduct as what one must expect from decadent bourgeois doctors, but have the sense to enter into Miss Murdoch's gloriously artificial world with the handfuls of salt it deserves.

Lesbianism, pure and simple, is the subject-matter of Dola de Jong's book. But nothing could be further from the polite and painless vices that Miss Murdoch explores than this harrowing account of the disintegration of a character under the impact of compulsive sin. The world of the sexual pervert is here caught with an accuracy that can only be the fruit of long suffering. Erica is the girl involved and

the story is told through the mouth of her friend, Bea. It takes place in Holland immediately before and during the war. Tenderly, quarrelsome, the two women are brought together. Bea has no notion of her friend's perversion and cannot really understand what she sees in a rich American girl they meet while on holiday in France. Back in Holland, however, things become plainer. Erica takes a sadistic lover and is gradually transformed from an up-and-coming journalist into a dreary slut. This transformation has little effect on her relationship with Bea who now proceeds to mother her where she once sistered her. But to say that is to realize the extent to which the affair between the two girls has been made by Miss de Jong into a permanent arrangement, a whole emotional climate which can only be broken by the death of one of them. And so it is. The war comes and the occupation. Erica has always been militantly anti-nazi and in a tempestuous scene with her mother, who is a kind of female gauleiter, she seals her fate and is sent off to a prison where she dies. The whole tale is told with a kind of quiet authority which I found astonishing.

After the subtlety and exquisiteness of these female novelists, Jim Hunter cannot but appear ham-handed. One had not realized with what care Miss Murdoch arranged the entries and exits of her characters until confronted with the abrupt appearances of new groups of people on every other page, the method Mr. Hunter favours. Nor had one properly appreciated the delicacy with which Miss de Jong created the historical atmosphere of the war until happening upon Mr. Hunter's crude fantasies of a child imagining he is a fighter pilot or the even cruder glimpse of a soldier returning from Dunkirk. Yet despite his gaucheries there is sterling merit in Mr. Hunter's writing. He covers a range of social strata unusual in a young English novelist and covers them all with equal authenticity. Between his portraits of working-class life in Yorkshire and of a religious young man at Cambridge there is little to choose in terms of vividness or assuredness, while his impression of a marriage between a working-class boy and a middle-class girl has exactly the right touch of tension, without any of the squeamishness which so often affects English writers when they tackle such a situation.

I read and enjoyed Stan Barstow's first

novel, *A Kind of Loving*, but it gave me no hint of what to expect from his present volume of short stories. It begins to look as though his town of Cressley will soon represent much the same to us as Trollope's Barchester represented to our great-grandmothers. And the comparison is significant because it illustrates the social revolution which has overtaken us in the past few generations. Barchester, with its deacons and cloisters, was a very different place from Cressley where the suburbs straggle wearisomely away and the pubs are thick with cigarette smoke and talk of football. Yet each has developed into a kind of institution in which the different generations can park their dreams.

Mr. Barstow in the present book lets us become much better acquainted with Cressley. One of the things one learns that one would never have expected from *A Kind of Loving* is that Cressley is rich in melodrama. Indeed the two longest stories in the book are spoiled by it. In one a gambler finds he has won the football pools, gets drunk and finding himself locked out of his house falls as he attempts to get in through the window and dies. In another, a group of teddy boys attempts to beat up a dance hall manager, fail and kill him instead. That such clumsy plots can be manufactured by the same man who elsewhere writes with such a gentle and pervasive sensitivity baffles me. For there is no doubt about the sensitivity which informs such a story of childhood as 'One of the Virtues' or such a tale of old age as 'The Years Between'. This latter is a little masterpiece. It tells of the return from Australia of an aging man who calls on his boyhood sweetheart. She greets him rather coldly which surprises him since he feels that he is the party who has been wronged. His brother, however, produces a letter which he had been given by her some twenty years previously and for one reason or another had never got round to posting. In it she explains that she is going to have a baby and must get married. Since she had received no reply from him she married someone else. He heard of her marriage, with some astonishment, in Australia. And so, by one of these little, human errors, two lives were, if not ruined, at least impaired. This tale is told in a way that defies sentimentality while courting it and is entirely successful, as are some of the others.

BURNS SINGER

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Royal and Test Matches

ROYAL WEDDING and Test match on the same day—there's feasting for you. The resources of the Outside Broadcasting Department, who brought the viands to our table, must have been tightly stretched. Camera units from all over the place converged on York and Hovingham—some two dozen altogether, they say. Fewer were necessary at Edgbaston to confine and capture the feel of that occasion, but there were no signs of skimping.

From the start of the day-long wedding programme ('The Royal Wedding', June 8) you got the impression that the B.B.C. had grasped the heaven-sent opportunity with gratitude and relief. Royalty, pageantry, squirearchy, sentiment—all the ingredients were there of a best-seller in any medium, and Outside Broadcasting were going to show us how television could handle them.

They made a fine job of it. Largely, it was a matter of organization rather than artistic endeavour—organization plus Richard Dimbleby. He, like an actor-manager of old, held the production together with an assurance and *brio* that made criticism seem an impertinence. Only afterwards did you realize how bathetic were some of the things he said while filling in the silences. But none of his remarks was so fatuous as, surprisingly, some of David Coleman's were as he talked with the citizens of York in their rain-swept streets, or so downright silly as those of the commentator at Hovingham village, who once or twice tried to put words into the mouths of those he questioned. We ought not to be too critical of those who undertake the very difficult task of *extempore* interviewing, only, perhaps, of the convention that decrees that they shall do it.

While things were warming up at Hovingham Hall, we were taken to Birmingham. Television conveyed very well the sense of sober excitement among the spectators as the Australians went on to the field. How quietly a Test match begins. No roar from the crowd greets the first ball, as



The marriage of H.R.H. the Duke of Kent and Miss Katharine Worsley in York Minster on June 8: the bride; a bridesmaid—



—the blessing of the ring; and one of the statues of kings of England in the Minster



John Curr

greets the kick-off in a football game. Commentary on cricket has its conventions, too. One is that you have two or three staff men to do the ball-by-ball descriptions, and a cricket personality to sum up between overs. The summarizer usually adds little to what has already been said, and his remarks are made more to the other commentators than to us viewers, but it is all very pleasant and leisurely.

Brian Johnston, one of the regulars, struck a jarring note at one point. 'There's a four to Pullar', he told us. 'He's just got engaged to be married—getting married in September, I understand, so good luck to him'. Keep that stuff for the soccer commentaries, Mr. Johnston, please.

The control-panel work was excellent. We saw the bowler run up and deliver the ball and in a flash we were looking, via a different camera, at the batsman as he received the ball. You could scarcely have more complete coverage. And we viewers certainly came off better than the spectators when, after a quarter of an hour, rain stopped play. In a room from which the bright sunlight had to be shut out or it would have killed the grey shadows on the screen, in an armchair with my feet up and some bottles of beer cooling in the



The Test match at Edgbaston: Harvey driving Illingworth to the boundary during Australia's first innings

'fridge', I was carried unprotesting back to York.

In the Minster all was wonderfully well organized—the ceremony itself and television's reporting of it. The close-up shot was used sparingly and therefore effectively, as when the screen was almost filled by the Archbishop's hands as he blessed the ring or, during the signing of the register, when we were taken on a tour of the carvings on the upper walls.

Afterwards, as the guests left York and arrived at Hovingham for the reception, we arrived with them. At this stage I had the feeling, for the first time during the day, that we were prying into a private occasion and ought to have left. The wedding service is intended to be public and televising it only makes it more public and can be defended on those grounds. But had we the right to gawp at people arriving for a private party?

At Edgbaston the mystique of cricket had players and commentators in its grip. Batsmen, to relieve an inner tension or to explain why they had missed the ball, solemnly patted down irregularities on the pitch that were not there. Commentators minutely described the antics of the ball when bowled—'That one' (excitedly) 'moved a little in the air, very late, just a shade'; or of the batsmen—'A suspicion of uppishness in that stroke'.

After some five hours' non-stop viewing I began to see Mackay, with his ugly bowling action, cavorting on the greensward in front of Hovingham Hall and knew it was time to switch off.

PETER POUND

DRAMA

Genius on the Stage

TO PUT GENIUS on the stage it is true to say that you need an author who possesses more than genius. This is necessary to allow for the amelioration which must inevitably take place when a work is designed as an acceptable representation of life. If this watering down did not take place, we would be watching, had we the patience, the tenacity of willing comprehension, a treatise instead of a play.

The Truth about Billy Newton (June 5) by Doris Lessing was, when we get down to the point, neither the one nor the other. Certainly it was not a straightforward presentation by way of acted diagrams of an explanation of the motivations of genius. Nor, by any but the most elastic of standards, was it conceivably a play: or at least not a play in any previously accepted form. Its design was markedly haphazard; this despite the fact that a form was already provided by *This is Your Life*, the television public confessional which was the springboard for the whole play. But the interaction of the various characters, miscellaneous wives, most curious adult children, some odder local interlopers, was as ill-conceived as could be imagined.

If the bird's-eye view remained unsatisfactory, the view changed once one got down into the thick of it. Some of the parts took on a satirical vehemence that had value especially when directed at political attitudes, at some aspects of television (one does not wish to press the point and tread on a colleague's toes!), at the excesses of the young in all their uninhibited enthusiasms, and at publicity which is nowadays smeared over everything like some glutinous gravy.

All these topics are written of in a lively and intelligent way, the characters who act them out typify, broadly rather than precisely, the people who would behave thus. The principal fault, apart from the constructional one, is in the central character. We can forget that Billy Newton is intended to portray for us the idea of genius. What we cannot overlook, because that is how the character is written, is the patent fact that the old man is a pretty awkward old codger, contradictory, opinionated, querulous, whining, and intolerant.

The play exists without a central core, and no amount of fancy direction (by Brandon Acton-Bond, up steps and around pillars) over a fancy set (by Desmond Chinn) can mesmerize the mind so that it ignores the fundamental exclusion. This fault is not the actor's. John Welsh, I know from past rewarding viewing, is a television actor who strikes out individually, however dismal the part. He established the much sought-after, much loved man as a creature of some spirit and at least suggested the genius supposed to be there. This in itself was an achievement of some order. The parts written for the others were easier to act, and almost all, from Fabia Drake's iron-willed old dear of a route-marcher, through Ann Firbank's puritan chit, to William Greene's way-out beat, were extremely well acted.

Five Bells for Logan by C. S. Abraham was a sea-borne thriller written by someone, you felt,

who had read Eugene O'Neill and thoroughly approved of that heavy masculine suspicious atmosphere. As a series of manipulations of plot and character balanced in compensating rhythms, *Five Bells for Logan* was quite entertaining. Any deficiencies in the rude mechanics of the play were amply offset by solid unfanciful acting. I cannot say it was ham acting, but one sensed a feeling that to admit to subtlety would disclose weakness and that would be to invite disaster.

Noel Johnson's Captain Silver was in the fire-eating beard-bristling Cap'n Kettle tradition with Douglas Blackwell's Australian Prentiss easy-going and unorthodox as the traditional counter-irritant. As a latter-day Lennie with more brawn than brain Ivor Salter mouthed his monosyllables with a child-like rapture.



Scene from *The Truth about Billy Newton*, with John Welsh (foreground) as William Newton, Michael Alexander (behind him) as Colin Dawson, and (left to right at back) John Brooking as Malcolm Payne-Gosling, Mary Hinton as Nancy Nation, Fabia Drake as Monica Manton, Hana Pravda as Rose Lebyatkin, and William Greene as Milton Tennyson Schelakovsky

Again revue has been pressed into service by television to provide humour in the watching hours. And again its delicate allusive qualities have proved evanescent. Ron Moody, whose six-week series started with *Moody in Storeland* (June 7), will have to find a more solid basis for fun than the arabesques, graceful, delightful and witty though they were, he wove round the idea of being let loose in a vast all-providing emporium. Mr. Moody has himself shouldered the burden of script, music and lyrics, and it is ironic, therefore that the musical scenes, handled with accomplishment by David Kernan and Peter Gilmore, should have been the better part of the entertainment.

Mr. Moody cloaks himself in a disruptively sinister ambience which puts panic into the hearts of those he brushes against. This is a good starting point, and in West End revue works enchantingly. Here it needs more fruitful work and far less reliance on those very West End revue mannerisms which have rightly got for Mr. Moody an appreciative public. Yet Mr. Moody's furtive snippings at pomposity do reach their target. At present their penetrating power is being blunted.

ANTHONY COOKMAN, JNR.



Noel Johnson (left) as Captain Silver and Frank Leighton as First Officer Burke in *Five Bells for Logan*

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Quick Work

SHAKESPEARE'S *Richard II* (Third, June 7) depends for its success upon action which must be seen as well as heard. As in Marlowe's *Edward II*, which was brilliantly done on the radio but which remained a shadow of its stage self, the audience has to digest a complicated history before it can appreciate the nature of the dramatic matter. This setting of the scene is aided on the stage by pageantry and movement, and if the producer wants his audience to understand it he must play it slowly. Mr. John Richmond, who produced, could not afford this leisure and had to use great pace to put the sense of action across. At times this pace was almost too quick for the ear and though the experienced cast brought out the music of the lines, they sometimes failed to give pause for the sense. The performance generated an authentic tension but some good things were lost or nearly lost in the welter of words. Sir Ralph Richardson's John of Gaunt had a sturdy nobility about it, but the pace of the production robbed him of the poise traditional in Gaunt's last speech. Sir John Gielgud's Richard was bravely close to his great stage performance and his voice mounted splendidly to the moment of anguish when the King knows that he has utterly lost.

It was a congenial idea to make a record in sound of a great performance but I suspect that posterity will realize sadly that Sir John's Richard had to be seen as well as heard. I caught the tragic innocence of Miss Rachel Gurney's Queen and the honest arrogance of Mr. Michael Goodliffe's Bolingbroke but regretted that I could not see the pageantry which is necessary to this play. The portrayal of Richard's agony is not as deep a study as Shakespeare's later heroes and it makes its appeal more to the eye than to the imagination.

A Dead Secret (Home, June 10) by Mr. Rodney Ackland, which was adapted for radio by Miss Mollie Greenhalgh, proved better than *Radio Times* suggested. It began by hinting that it was going to be nothing more than a murder story set in Edwardian suburban London. But the story was taken from a real-

life case and it seemed that Mr. Ackland had been thus compelled to give his characters more flesh than they normally carry in such stories. A nasty insurance agent, very knowingly played by Mr. Michael Hordern, persuades one of his lodgers to make over her property to him, and when she has been sheared from her cadging relatives she dies of arsenic poisoning. The landlord has been unpleasant to so many people and so callous in his treatment of the old lady that he is immediately suspected of murder. But Mr. Ackland suggests that the arsenic may have been self-administered, and though he ends his story with the landlord being arrested, one is left with the nasty suspicion that the landlord, though unpleasant enough to deserve some kind of retribution, is nevertheless innocent. Mr. Ackland owes Miss Greenhalgh a good deal; her unobtrusive introduction of the various inmates of the house was masterly.

The subject of the expatriate Scot is a fascinating one and deserves better and less narrow treatment than Mr. J. I. M. Stewart gave it in his *The Bagpipes and the Bells* (Third, June 9). He introduced an Oxford don talking very artificially to the kind of American student who exists only in the smug imagination. This student and a Scots colleague seemed to have been dragged into the don's rooms so that they could prompt a self-satisfied and rather narrow-minded monologue on the merits of the English ethos. The expatriate Henry James was extolled, the Scottish Renaissance was sniffed at, and the decent Scots were patronized. The don made much play with his Scottishness but it seemed to me that he had lost everything but the pawkiness and egocentricity which Scottish writers, who have never left home, also find detestable. The monologue with interruptions is to be repeated.

Robert Bilbie's *Quiet Dinner With Lord Richborough* (Home, June 5) had the kind of plot that one sometimes finds in grand opera and there was a moment when even one of the characters protested that he couldn't follow it. Not to take it too seriously, it was fun in the Dick Barton manner with the added relish of Restoration fol-de-rols. The characters touched on the Rye House Plot, the Spanish Main, the landing of William of Orange and Judge Jeffreys. I didn't believe in any of it but it was strangely amusing while it lasted.

IAN RODGER

[Mr. Frederick Laws is on holiday]

THE SPOKEN WORD



Junior Time and Senior Time

THERE IS no denying that 'Children's Hour' was among the institutions of sound broadcasting: that one used to rush home, satchel flying, to tremble at the thrillers and chortle over 'Toytown'. The departure of the programme title 'Children's Hour' at the beginning of this year was one of those changes that seemed sadly unnecessary; and since children are most conservative creatures one wonders how they have taken it. However, now that the programmes which replaced it have been with us for some months, it seemed the moment to lend them a critical ear.

To be precise, I began the week by listening to 'Come Hither' (Home Service, June 4), a programme of poetry for younger listeners. Children with fresh imaginations and a sense of rhythm take naturally to poetry if they are not discouraged by unfortunate teaching at school, and we should warmly welcome any selection of verse that is chosen for colour, rhythm, and simplicity, and is carefully but informally presented. I must admit that the do-gooders of 'The Big Pond' in 'Junior Time' (June 5) had me rather irritated, but then children love to identify themselves with

the virtuous, and this was a skilful way of teaching natural history, and, of course, kindness to animals. 'Review' the same evening was spoilt, I thought, by dramatic critics desperately talking in Children's Basic, and an interview with a make-up artist which sounded as if it were scripted by a rather self-conscious civil servant; but 'Nature Parliament' (June 6) had a first-class session on butterflies, feeding a fledgling, and snails laying eggs, and if young entomologists nowadays do take a more expert interest in their work, that may well owe something to such informed programmes as this. As education, it was highly palatable; as a broadcast it had pleasant ease of manner. I need hardly add that it confirmed an opinion I have held since my satchel days: few broadcasters are more radiogenic than Derek McCulloch.

Turning to Senior Time, I don't know who was thumping the tom-tom in the background when Joan Cross talked to John Amis in 'Top C' (Home Service, June 7); but it was a pity to spoil such a pleasant conversation. John Amis was a sympathetic questioner, and Joan Cross talked with gusto and spontaneity of the discovery of *Peter Grimes*, of her wish to form a junior opera company, and of a dozen other things in her operatic career. There was fine variety in her speaking voice, and her radio manner was as rewarding as anything she said.

The other two talks I heard last week were sadly disappointing. 'Good, Brave Causes?' (Home Service, June 6) was a disagreeable piece of cynicism from Mr. Kingsley Amis; it was, moreover, poorly delivered. As for 'Australia There!' (Home Service, June 7), it was so punctuated with information about population, climate, and eating habits that it sounded more like a hand-out to immigrants than a vigorous personal comment. As a talk it also lacked shape and ease of manner. One had hoped for more from the former programme director of the Australian Broadcasting Commission.

Another poor programme was 'Up the Creek' (Home Service, June 7), which very nearly drove me up a gum tree. In theory, a sound picture of a Thames backwater could have been a pleasant exercise in radio; in practice, it sounded as if a couple of amateurs had been messing about in boats with a tape-recorder. There were curious bursts of music, a good deal of lapping of waves (luckily we were spared the B.B.C. gulls), and a good deal of rather dull conversation. It was not up to Home Service standard.

The final programme I heard, however, was well up to standard. One of the famous people I am glad I never met is that hypocritical hypochondriac, that gifted, maddening, utterly Early Victorian intellectual, Elizabeth Barrett (later Mrs. Browning). I dislike any woman who was discovered, at the age of three, playing with her doll and reading Homer, in Greek, at the same time; I dislike any woman who could seal herself up in her bedroom for weeks on end to contemplate her self-induced ill-health. And yet, what engaging letters Miss Barrett wrote to Mary Russell Mitford! What an autobiography, what a period-piece they make! It was a fine idea to read them; and Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies gave the second of six readings (Home Service, June 1) with a delectable sense of character. It was enough to make one purr on a pouring wet afternoon.

JOANNA RICHARDSON

MUSIC



Too Rarefied?

THE B.B.C. is, of course, doing valuable work in keeping listeners to their music programmes informed as to all the latest developments in so-called 'advanced' compositional methods, but a line has to be

drawn somewhere between what is and what is not permissible, and last week, by what can only be described as a serious error of judgment, this line was overstepped. There was, in fact, no excuse for the inclusion in the Chamber Music Concert conducted by Bruno Maderna (Third Programme, June 5) of a piece of nonsense by a composer named Zak, and still less excuse for repeating it in the second half of the programme. While this practice is to be commended in the case of serious music of unusual complexity or written in an unfamiliar idiom, there is no justification for according this treatment to a *farce d'atelier* which in my opinion has no possible claim to be considered as music; indeed, to treat it as such was really an insult to the intelligence of an adult audience. What made the whole thing all the more deplorable was the high-falutin' publicity surrounding it in which we were told, *inter alia*, that '... the tape exploits the full range of the aural spectrum, controlled by strictly measurable quantities—frequency ratios, velocity graphs and decibel indexes'—all this to describe what seemed to me to be a series of the more unpleasant kinds of kitchen noises, accompanied by bangs and thumps, hisses, shrieks and whistles. And, to crown all, it appears that the B.B.C. spent extra money in bringing over from the Continent two percussion players—the soloists—specially for this performance.

Fortunately this programme also contained some music, parts of it—notably Webern's *Six Songs* (Op. 14) beautifully sung by Dorothy Dorow, and Nono's *Polifonica - Monodia - Ritmica*—of a somewhat rarefied quality but none the less welcome for that. The English Chamber Orchestra also played Petrassi's *Serenata* (which I noticed when it was first broadcast here last November) and the always satisfying *Serenade* in B flat for thirteen wind instruments by Mozart—which may have been missed by the many listeners who, I am sure, switched off their sets for the repeat performance of the Zak.

The first broadcast from the Bath Festival (Home Service, June 9) brought us a most disappointing performance of Stravinsky's rarely played Violin Concerto, in which Yehudi Menuhin sounded distressingly ill at ease. Nadia Boulanger was conducting the Festival Chamber Orchestra in a programme which also included a *Motet* by Schütz and the *Fauré Requiem*. In these works she had the collaboration of the City of Bath Choir and her own Vocal Ensemble of Paris. The *Requiem* is a moving work in its unassuming and disarming simplicity, but if it is to make its full effect it must be flawlessly performed. It cannot be said that the singing was always flawless on this occasion, but Mademoiselle Boulanger had everything under control and secured a straightforward performance of the music, keeping the sentimentality which can so easily contaminate it successfully at bay.

We have heard a good deal recently of the reluctance of audiences to face concerts consisting entirely of contemporary works (unlike those of a couple of hundred years ago who didn't want to hear anything else), and the London Symphony Orchestra last week was, it appears, on the point of cancelling one of theirs owing to the lack of public support for what one would have thought was a singularly inoffensive, almost conservative, programme consisting of works by Casella, Richard Strauss, Samuel Barber and Janáček. I cannot imagine that any listeners to the broadcast of this concert from the Royal Festival Hall (Third Programme, June 8) can have found in it anything to shock them; I certainly enjoyed hearing Rudolf Kempe conduct Janáček's glowing, highly coloured fresco of the *Taras Bulba* epic which, incidentally, made Samuel Barber's eclectic *Second*

Essay for orchestra sound rather stuffy and respectable. A new Piano Concerto by Franz Reizenstein was the main feature in the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra's programme (Home Service, June 7) with the composer himself as soloist. He is an excellent pianist, and gave a brilliant and convincing performance of his new work. The Concerto is unashamedly in the nineteenth-century romantic tradition, and though

rather lacking in individuality, is extremely well written, well made, and thoroughly pianistic.

The B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra also gave the first performance of another recent work by a British composer—Alan Bush's *Dorian Passacaglia and Fugue* (Third Programme, June 11), a competent and workmanlike composition with no very distinctive features that impressed one at first hearing.

Finally, the broadcast from Covent Garden of the current production of *Boris Godunov*, with Boris Christoff in the title role and a mainly English cast all singing in Russian (Third, June 10) was good value; and it was good to hear the opera in its original version, given with few cuts. Reginald Goodall conducted what seemed to be a very satisfactory performance.

ROLLO H. MYERS

A Renaissance Master

By DENIS STEVENS

Ockeghem's 'Missa pro defunctis' will be broadcast in the Third Programme at 8.0 p.m. on Monday, June 19

THE PAST fifty years or so have witnessed times when the re-birth of a composer's reputation has far exceeded, in sheer significance and extent, the reputation enjoyed by the man when he was alive and at his most productive. Ockeghem is not one of these. His music is so far almost entirely confined to scholarly editions (and the greatest of these is still incomplete), while its realization, no longer practicable in churches and cathedrals, rarely reaches the concert hall or the gramophone record. Undeterred by this state of affairs, the pens of historians have scratched their muddled message on countless pages that might as well have remained blank for all the light they have shed on the man and his music.

Cecil Gray went so far as to affirm that for Ockeghem 'expression was . . . a secondary consideration, if indeed it existed for him at all. He seems to have had something of the mentality of Arnold Schönberg today, the same ruthless disregard of merely sensuous beauty, the same unwavering and relentless pursuit of new technical means for their own sake. He is the school master, the drill sergeant of music'. It would be interesting to know whether this harsh judgment was prompted by a bad performance or a cursory reading of one of Ockeghem's works. It is in fact more likely that Gray was echoing the standard opinions on Ockeghem as exemplified by Kiesewetter, a German historian of music who referred to the Masses, the motets, and the chansons as 'intellectual treats for highly educated musicians'.

Ockeghem did, of course, write a *Missa Prolationum*; and in this work he triumphed over the vertical and horizontal problems posed by complicated metrical relationships of basically uncomplicated material. In his *Missa Cuiusvis toni* he presented a liturgical offering that permitted four different modal viewpoints, as in a solid structure which can be viewed from four different sides, each side affording a fresh aspect and subtle changes of lighting. Only an architect in music could have achieved such a result, and only a musician who was himself a singer could have assured such eminently singable lines. Ockeghem, whom Tinctoris placed *inter bassos contratenoristas*, was not the dry pedant his modern detractors make him out to be. He was a good singer (even though the *aurea vox Okegi* of Erasmus quips at his fabulous salary as Treasurer of the Abbey of St. Martin at Tours) and he was a wonderful musician, whose services were sought after by kings and princes, bishops and cardinals. He sang in the private chapel of Duke Charles of Bourbon, and he served as both chaplain and composer to three kings of France: Charles VII, Louis XI, and Charles VIII.

Like many of his contemporaries, Ockeghem was a great traveller, and he made use of every opportunity given to him in the way of improving his musical knowledge, whether of courtly

chansons or noble Masses. When he went to Spain, he met Cornago and borrowed one of his songs, to which he added an extra voice-part. He knew Binchois of Burgundy and mourned his passing in a lament of touching beauty; in his turn, he received during his lifetime the musical tributes of Busnois (*In hydraulis*) and Compère (*Omnium bonorum plena*), and when dead, of Josquin, whose *Déploration* is one of the most moving of all memorials in music. When Isabella d'Este came to Mantua as wife of the fourth Marquis of Gonzaga, she had her study inlaid with exquisite marquetry, which included Ockeghem's *Prennez sur moi votre exemple amoureux*, a canon in the fourth above for three voices. There is no evidence that Isabella was shocked by such unseemly cerebralism; indeed, it is to her everlasting credit that she kept before her eyes for so many years the graven image of an undoubted masterpiece. For the song is a masterpiece in its apparent freedom from canonic fetters, just as the ground basses of Monteverdi and Purcell conceal from us the inexorable regularity of their structure by draping it so skilfully with melodic flesh and blood.

Perhaps it was the garrulous Glarean of Basle who, by accusing Ockeghem of writing 'a certain twittering for thirty-six voices', set off a chain of critical comments leading to Kiesewetter and Gray. Yet others mention this fantastic canon, among them Crétin and Virdung, who state that it consisted of six-part canons to be performed simultaneously. Whatever its merits as a *tour de force*, it is no more typical of Ockeghem than *Spem in alium* is typical of Tallis: composers in those days had occasionally to display their technical equipment for special events and persons, but there is no evidence that they did so in any other spirit than that of sheer bravura. The true Tallis is to be found in the great Marian motets and the hymns and responsories, similarly the essence of Ockeghem's musical personality lies in the *Missa Caput*, *Missa Fors seulement*, *Missa Au travail suis*, and in the vast harmonic tapestries of his motets *Salve Regina*, *Alma Redemptoris Mater*, and *Gaudie Maria*.

Ockeghem tempered the true steel of his technique in the white-hot inspiration of Dufay and Dunstable. Theirs was the model he followed, and if his mature work sounds richer than the *Gloria ad modum tubae* and *Veni Sancte Spiritus* it is because instrumentally-supported vocal lines were being gradually altered so as to make way for sonorous choral harmony, not because he invented (as is so often claimed) a polyphonic texture knit together by constant melodic imitation. There is hardly any imitation in his magnificently austere *Missa pro defunctis*, and only the slightest trace of canon. The work unfolds simply and devoutly; tricks, whether of trade or profession, are entirely absent, and the only surprise for the listener is

the disarming naturalness of the counterpoint. There are unusual features, and those who judge a Requiem Mass by the standards of Verdi or Mozart will wonder why there is no *Dies Irae*, and why the work stops at the Offertory. Being pre-Tridentine (and incidentally the oldest surviving polyphonic setting of the Requiem Mass), Ockeghem's composition uses *Si ambulem* and *Sicut cervus* instead of the texts authorized in the present-day Roman books for Gradual and Tract. It has no *Dies Irae* because the sequence was not then a standard part of the liturgy, and what followed the Offertory was in all likelihood sung in plainsong.

There are many unfamiliar features in fifteenth-century art and music, and part of its fascination lies in these unique reflections of a bygone age. Hubert van Eyck's vivid portrayal of a Mass for the Dead shows the catafalque in the choir, onlookers with their hats on, and a wiry white dog contrasting oddly with the black draperies and vestments. Nothing like it could be seen in any funeral service in our own times, yet there is no reason to suppose that it was not true five hundred years ago. Ockeghem's music, heard with open minds as well as open ears, will by its artistic insistence convince even modern musicians of its fundamental greatness and eternal values.

The prospectus of the Henry Wood Promenade Concerts is available (1s., by post 1s. 4d.—postal orders, please, *not* stamps) from B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, the Royal Albert Hall, S.W.7, and usual agents. Seats and promenade standing places (arena and gallery) for the first and last nights have been allocated by ballot. Booking for the remaining concerts will open on June 19, by postal application only until July 8. Season tickets (arena and gallery promenade) may be obtained from June 19 by postal application only from the Royal Albert Hall.

Messrs. Nelson have recently issued an English edition of an *Atlas of the Classical World*, edited by A. A. M. van der Heyden and H. H. Scullard (£3 10s.). It omits none of the things expected and desirable in such a work, and it also includes many maps illustrating novel aspects of Greek and Roman activities and interests. It extends beyond its title to include hundreds of photographs of artistic works and archaeological sites. Not the least suggestive and absorbing of these are numerous aerial landscape photographs with reconstructions of ancient towns and citadels daringly imposed on them. The book also revives, for a later age, earlier moments in the romance of archaeological study, such as a composite photograph of the early excavations at Mycenae, in which Schliemann himself appears, almost symbolically, in two different places at the same time.

HENRY REED

Inter-Regional Bridge Competition—Semi-final I

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE



IN THE broadcast of June 11 the Midlands met the South in the first semi-final of the inter-regional bridge competition. The Midlands were represented by Mr. W. E. Lee and Mr. P. Heywood of Nottinghamshire and the South by Mrs. W. Morley-Burry and Mr. A. G. Bonner of Somerset.

The first problem was one of play.

WEST	EAST
♦ K J 6	♦ A 8 5 2
♥ A	♥ K Q 10 8 6 4
♦ A Q 8 7	♦ 5 2
♣ A K 10 6 5	♣ 9

North leads the two of clubs against West's contract of Three No Trumps. The nine is covered by the queen. How should West plan the play?

The Nottingham players offered the better solutions, and took a lead of seven points to three. In the view of the judges the best line is to refuse the first trick. West is guarded even against a diamond switch. West wins a club continuation, releases the ace of hearts, and goes off play with the king and another club. If the club lead is from a four-card suit, as suggested by the two, the long club will give him his ninth trick. Little worse is to win the first club, cash the ace of hearts, and exit with

the king and another club. If, as is likely, North wins, any suit he plays will be to the declarer's advantage.

Somerset turned the tables in the second part of the programme when the competitors answered five questions relating to one hand. Both their players found good answers to a difficult set of questions, and they came to the last part of the programme with a lead of three points. Both pairs were then required to bid the following hands; East dealer, North-South game:

WEST	EAST
♦ A K 10 9	♦ J 7 6
♥ K 9 6 4	♥ A 5 2
♦ A 3 2	♦ 8
♣ A 4	♣ K Q 10 9 7 3

Neither pair gave an impressive performance; these were their auctions.

WEST	EAST
(Mr. W. E. Lee)	(Mr. P. Heywood)
—	1C
1D	2C
3N.T.	No Bid

Mr. Lee explained that his conservative first round bid was inspired by the fact that he would be best able to judge the situation after he had heard more about the character of his

partner's hand. The fact that, even with a minimum opening bid, slam prospects were quite excellent gave poor support to his idea.

WEST EAST

(Mrs. Morley-Burry)	(Mr. A. G. Bonner)
—	No Bid
1S	2C
3N.T.	4S
No Bid	

In spite of East's initial pass (and the general view favoured an opening bid) the slam might still have been reached. Over Three No Trumps a bid of Four Clubs by East might have led to this happy conclusion.

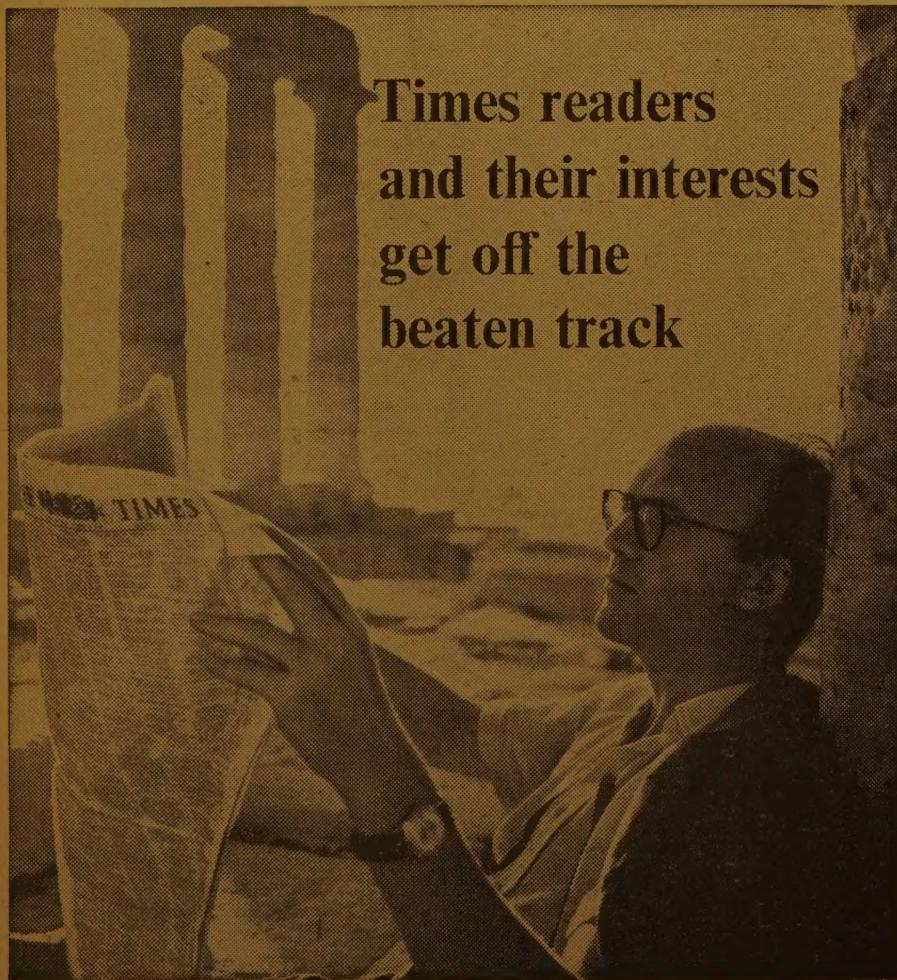
Six Clubs was judged the best contract, Six Spades second best, and a consolation award for Seven Clubs. Both pairs failed to score, and South became the winners with a score of 18 points against 15.

—Network Three

Drawing for *Radio Times* (Bodley Head, 16s.), compiled and introduced by R. D. Usherwood, brings together the work of some thirty-five illustrators who have contributed to *Radio Times*.

* * * * *
The Annual Register of World Events for 1960 has now been published (Longmans, £6 6s.). The editor is Sir Ivon Macadam, assisted by Margaret Cleeve.

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and their interests
get off the
beaten track



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ABOUT THE HOUSE

Chocolate Cake

FOR THIS RECIPE for chocolate cake—which won a prize in a B.B.C. Television Cookery Club competition—you will need:

4 oz. of plain chocolate
4 oz. of butter
4 oz. of caster sugar
4 oz. of sifted self-raising flour (or plain flour with 1 teaspoon of baking powder)
3 egg whites

Soften, but do not completely melt the chocolate and butter together. Add the sugar and mix fairly well. Add the flour gently. Very gently add the stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in a greased and floured tin, in a moderate oven for about thirty-five minutes.

The cake is good served with plain whipped cream or with any favourite flavoured cream; or you could use one of these suggested creams: (1) cream made from 2 oz. of butter, 3 oz. of icing sugar, a little strong coffee, and 1 egg yolk; (2) 3 oz. of icing sugar, 2 egg yolks, and 2 oz. of grated walnuts, hazelnuts, or almonds; (3) a simple coffee-chocolate icing; (4) butter icing flavoured with aniseed.

RUTH ENGEL

—B.B.C. Television Cookery Club

Treating Bee and Wasp Stings

There is a slight difference between the stings of a wasp and a bee. The sting of the bee has a much more pronounced barb than the wasp and so the bee cannot withdraw its sting easily. In most cases when the bee flies off it leaves behind all the sting apparatus—sting, barb, and poison sac. It is important to know this, because if you pull out the sting carelessly you can empty more poison from the poison bag into the skin and make matters much worse. It is safer to ease out the sting with

the end of a sterilized needle rather than clutch it with tweezers and so compress the poison bag.

It used to be said that the poison from bee stings was acid and therefore should be treated with an alkali to neutralize it, so a blue-bag or bicarbonate of soda were advised; on the other hand it was alleged that the wasp sting was alkaline and should be treated with a weak acid, such as vinegar. I think nowadays the experts have agreed that the sting in each case is a poison, and that whether it be acid or alkaline is immaterial. This affects what one does as first aid.

As these insects carry all kinds of germs from their habits of alighting on dirt and rubbish, obviously the first thing to do is to dab the sting with an antiseptic, and I still prefer the good old-fashioned tincture of iodine for this purpose. After that, one can dab the sting with calamine lotion every two or three hours, or, better still, apply some anti-histamine cream, which neutralizes the poison reaction in the skin. It also stops the maddening irritation that often accompanies these bites.

By and large, the advice I have given will deal with most stings, except those inside the mouth and in the eye. The danger of stings in the mouth is that they may cause such a swelling that there is a risk of obstruction to breathing and swallowing; and of course you cannot use any of the treatments I have described for stings in the eyes or mouth. You have the choice either of taking the casualty straight away to your nearest hospital or asking advice from your doctor.

Every now and then one reads of someone collapsing after being stung, and these are special cases suffering from a form of shock from the poison. These people are seriously ill and they must have quick medical attention as they require special treatment: that means either

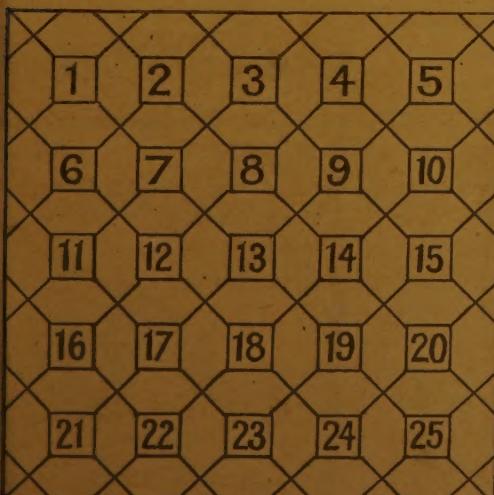
Crossword No. 1,620.

De Mortuis—II.

By Wray

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, June 22. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final



NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

The solution comprises twenty-five linked words of four letters each, these being arranged clockwise round the appropriate numeral. Lights 3, 8, 18, 23 and 11 to 15 are all the names of famous people clued (but not in that order) by quotations from opinions expressed by other famous people. Remaining lights are clued normally in groups of four. But as clues are not given in numerical order each group constitutes a miniature jigsaw. Accents are to be ignored. Unlinked external letters can be arranged to form the words: THE AIRS WOMEN PRACTICE.

CLUES

- (a) 'That miracle of a youth' (John Evelyn)
- (b) 'He is ours—let the English show their Aristotle' (John Wilson)
- (c) 'The most formidable figure of ennui that has ever appeared among men' (V. Hugo)
- (d) 'Had —— bent beneath the conquering cause,
He might have lived to give new senate laws' (Dryden)
- (e) 'No country could have too many ——s, the more she has the greater will she be' (Lord Rosebery)
- (f) 'One of those happy souls which are the salt of the earth' (P. B. Shelley)
- (g) 'I used familiarly to call him the Saint of Rationalism' (W. E. Gladstone)
- (h) 'His doctrines, his preaching talents, his popularity, his want of definite system, were all Whitfield again' (Rev. E. Sidney)
- (i) 'I have no small talk and —— has no manners (Duke of Wellington)

getting your doctor or, if he is not available, telephoning for the emergency ambulance and taking the case to hospital without any delay.

—TODAY'S DOCTOR
—'Today' (Home Service)

Notes on Contributors

MICHAEL HOWARD (page 1027): Lecturer in War Studies, London University; author of *Disengagement in Europe*; editor of *Soldiers and Governments*, etc.

CHARLES JANSON (page 1029): editor of *Africa 1961* (a news-letter published in London); formerly Paris correspondent, *The Economist*

J. H. ABRAHAM (page 1035): Lecturer in Liberal Studies, Enfield Technical College

IAN GRIMBLE (page 1039): General Programme Producer, Glasgow and Aberdeen, B.B.C., 1957-60; author of *The Harington Family*

J. P. BULL (page 1041): Co-director, Road Injuries Research Group, Institute of Accident Surgery, Birmingham Accident Hospital; Honorary Lecturer in Experimental Pathology, Birmingham University

FRIEDA FORDHAM (page 1043): a professional member of the Society of Analytical Psychology; author of *An Introduction to Jung's Psychology*

ERIC NEWTON (page 1054): Art Critic, *The Guardian*; Slade Professor of Fine Art, Oxford University 1959-60; author of *The Artist and his Public, Stanley Spencer, Tintoretto, Masterworks of Art*, etc.

DAVID PIPER (page 1056): Assistant Keeper, National Portrait Gallery; author of *The English Face*

DENIS STEVENS (page 1065): musicologist and conductor; producer, Music Division, B.B.C., 1949-54; editor of *A History of Song*; author of *Tudor Church Music, Thomas Tomkins 1572-1656*, etc.

GROUP 1, 2, 6, 7:

- (a) Bird reputedly lacking cranial adornment
- (b) With Joan it's just a game
- (c) Famous Italian family immersed in the river
- (d) Size of paper acceptable to editor of 'The Eatanswill Gazette'

GROUP 4, 5, 9, 10:

- (a) One was the cause of a Midlander's blindness
- (b) This composer could be narrowly stingy
- (c) The Furies give verbal assent to this Isle
- (d) 'My worn reeds broken, the dark —— dry'

GROUP 16, 17, 21, 22:

- (a) The body for which the prophet returned
- (b) Condition of the French Art Gallery
- (c) N.Z. birds circling Northern Island
- (d) A sapi-utan

GROUP 19, 20, 24, 25:

- (a) He anticipated Columbus by some centuries
- (b) Kit I must take to the mountain
- (c) Uncontrolled portion of a sail
- (d) Harness a train of wheels from a Paris station

Solution of No. 1,618

C H A P M A N B A I L E Y
R O W A N B R O W N E X R
I R O N S I D E I T A T E
C O M S E B A R N E S R N
K M A Y P A L S G R O U T
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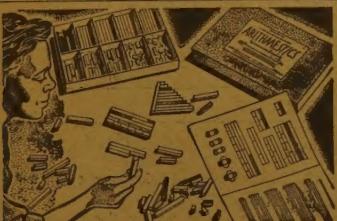
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